

CANDY

REALITY
COMIC
BOOK
I.C.C.
12

DECEMBER

No. 7

10¢

STILL 52 PAGES

C'MON, TED!
YOU SAID HIKING
IS FUN... AND
YOU'RE ALWAYS
TRAILING
BEHIND!



[illegible]

GIVEN GIVEN

53rd YEAR

BE FIRST

ACT
NOW

ACT
NOW

PREMIUMS or CASH COMMISSION

We
Trust
You

Boys
Girls

MAIL COUPON

Ladies
Men

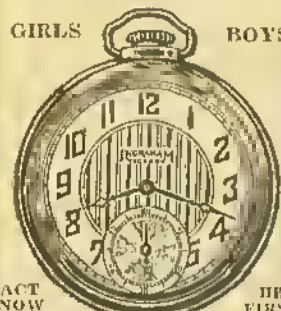
BE FIRST
WE ARE RELIABLE

No
Money
Now

Genuine 22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Repeater Daisy Air Rifles (with tube of shot), Regulation Footballs, Excel Movie Projectors (sent postage paid), Boys Girls latest model Bicycles (sent express charges collect), Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon for starting order. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 108-A, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN PREMIUMS or CASH

GIRLS BOYS



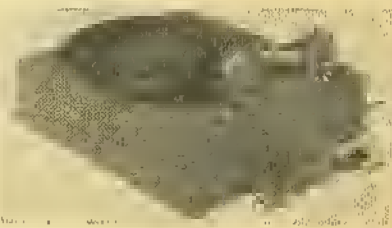
ACT
NOW

BE
FIRST

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid by us to start. Be first. We are reliable. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-B, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

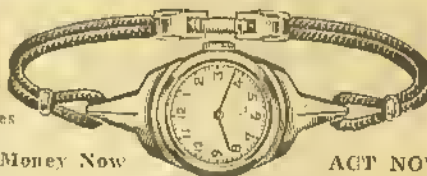
School Boxes, Excellent lone Electric Record Players, 4 Tube Superhelio-dyne Radios, Telescopes, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Our 53rd year. We are reliable. Write or mail coupon for starting order sent postage paid by us. We trust you. WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. 108-C, TYRONE, PA.



PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

Girls
Ladies

Boys
Men



No Money Now

ACT NOW!

Latest design Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Rifles (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order postage paid to start. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-E, Tyrone, Pa.

PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

GIRLS-BOYS-LADIES-MEN — Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15 inches in height, Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and remit per catalog sent with starting order. Be first. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 108-D, Tyrone, Pa.

ACT
NOW

NO
MONEY
NOW



Mail Coupon Today

WILSON CHEM CO., Dept. 108, TYRONE, PA. Date,
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial, twelve colorful art pictures with twelve boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

NAME AGE

ST. R.D. BOX

TOWN ZONE
No. STATE

Print LAST
Name Here

Write or paste coupon on postal card or mail in an envelope

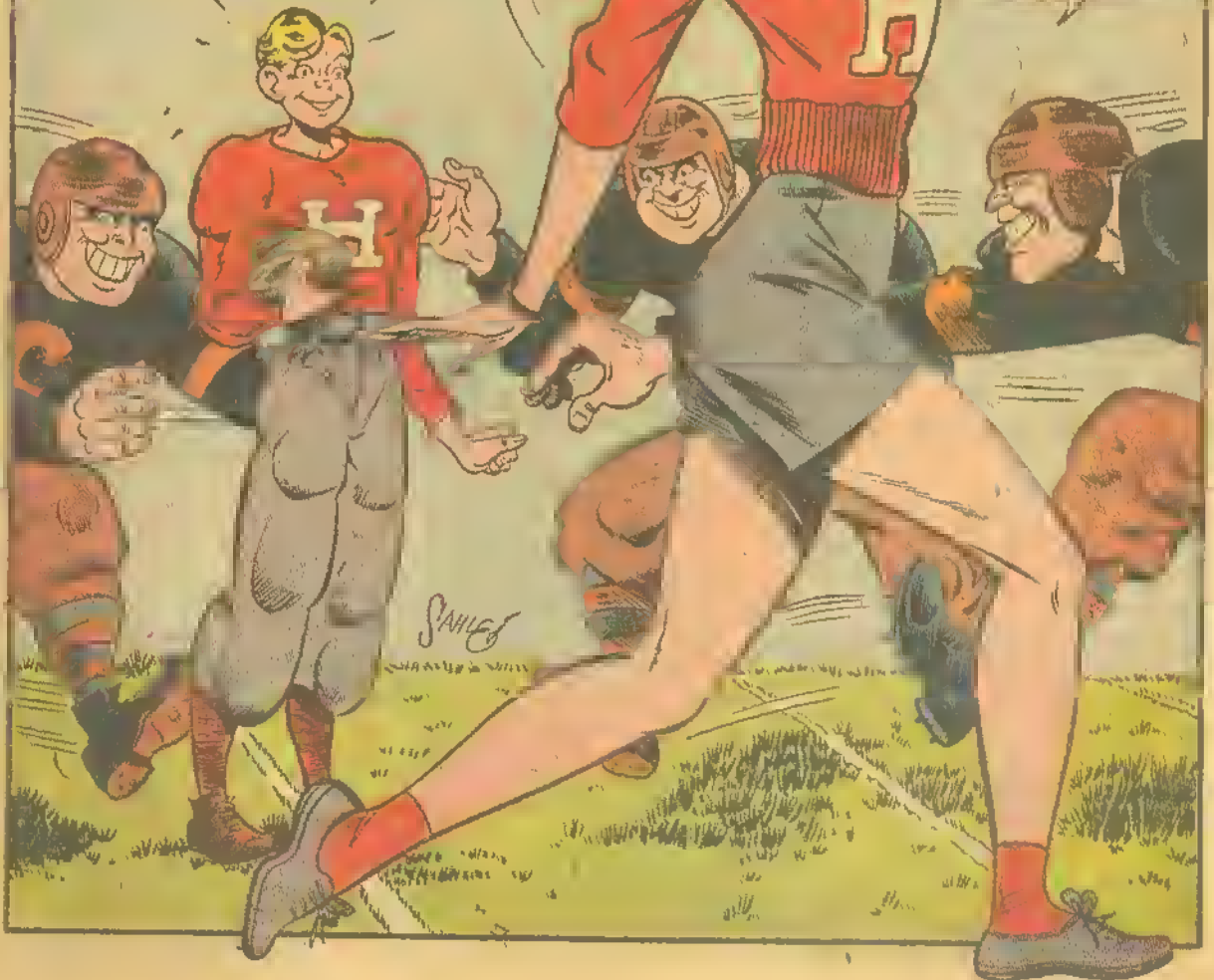
CANDY

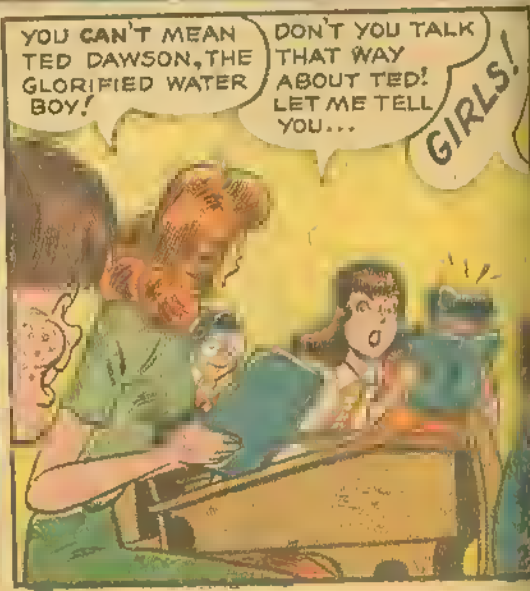
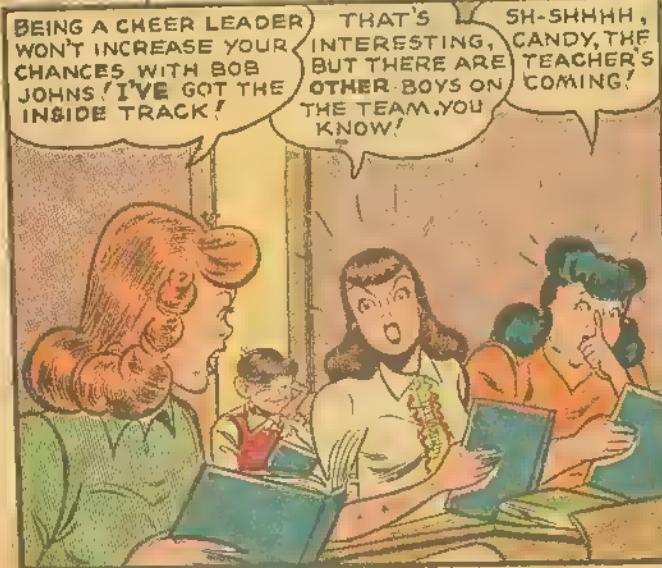
YEA, HARTWICK!
TEAM! TEAM!
TEAM!

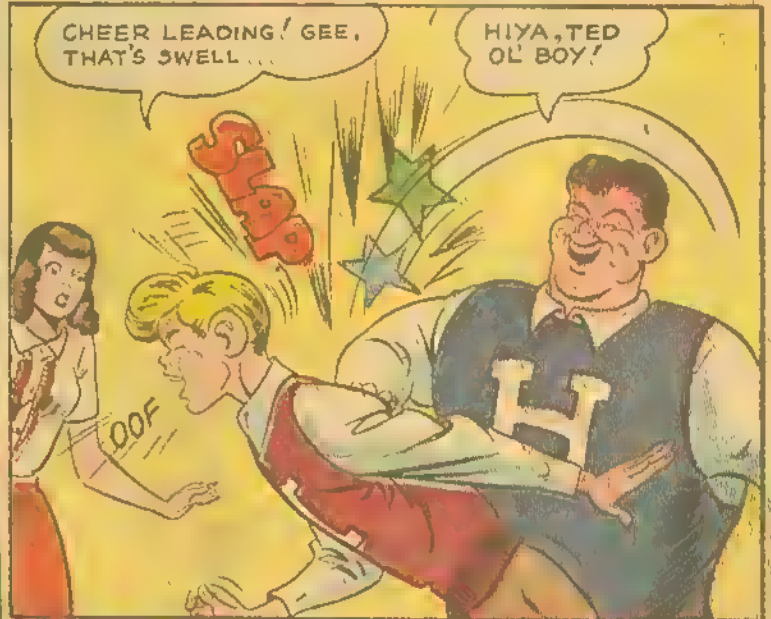
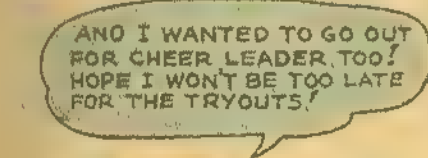
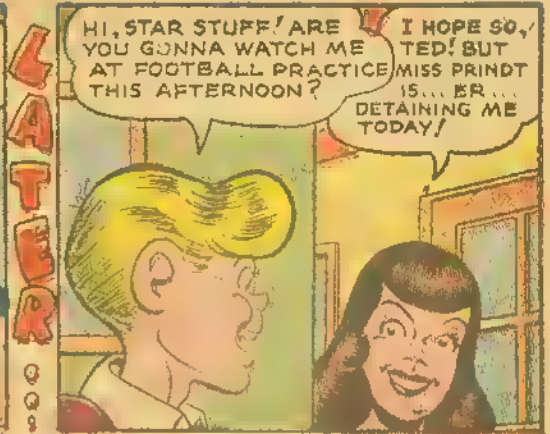
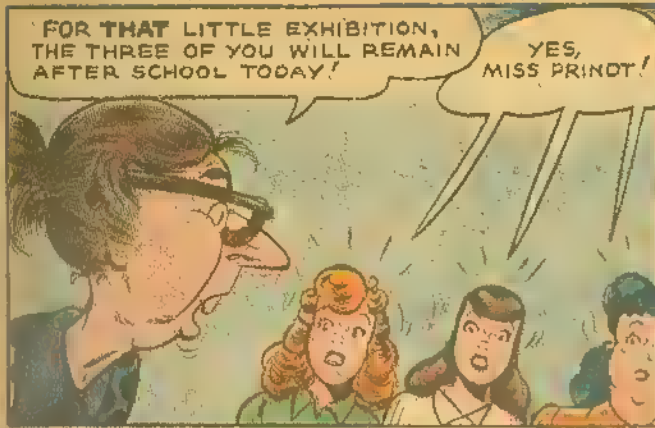
PUFF-PUFF

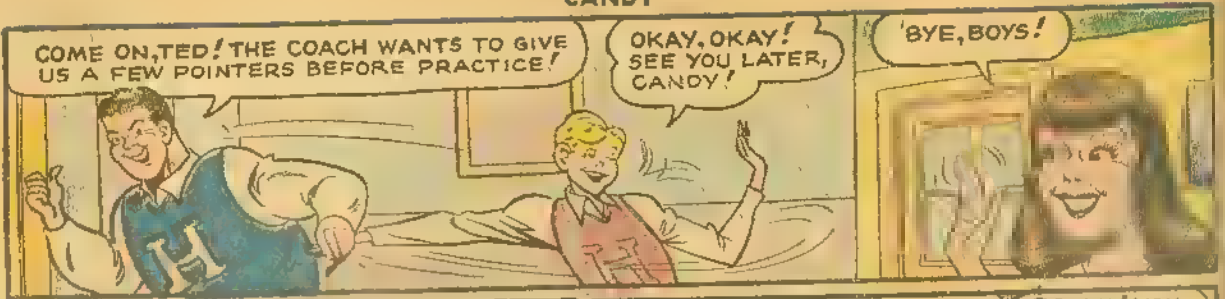
GEE, CANDY, YOU
LOOK SWELL...

JUST HOLD THAT
POSE, DAWSON!

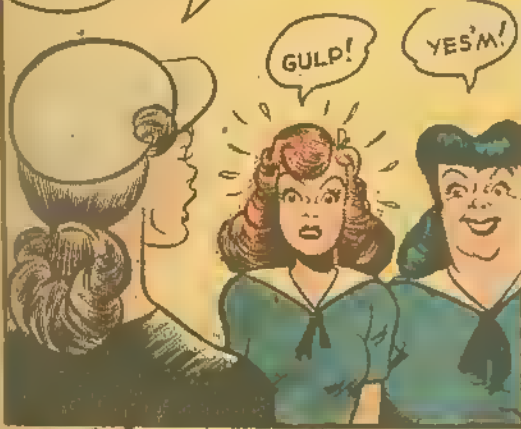








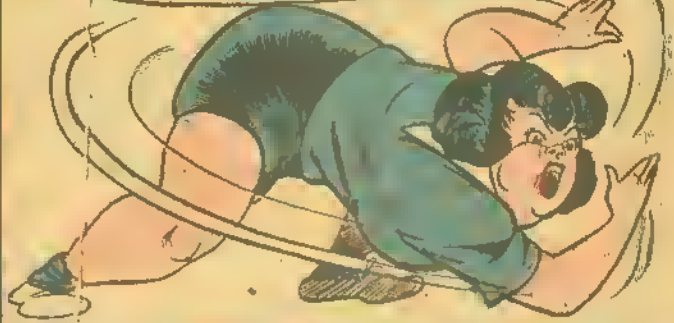
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, CORNELIA! WE'LL GO OUT ON THE FIELD! TINA, YOU'LL TRY OUT FIRST!



GULP!

YES'M!

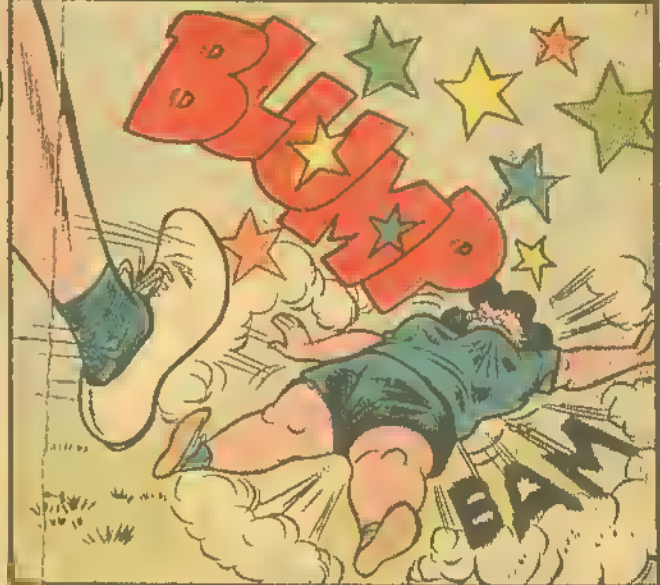
H.A.R.T.W.I.C.K.!!



RAH! RAH!



EEK!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

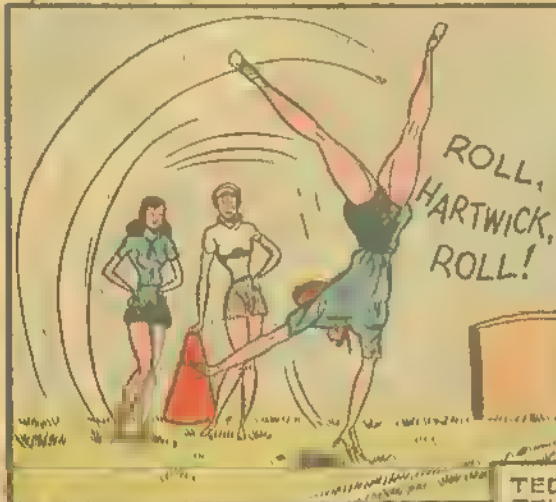
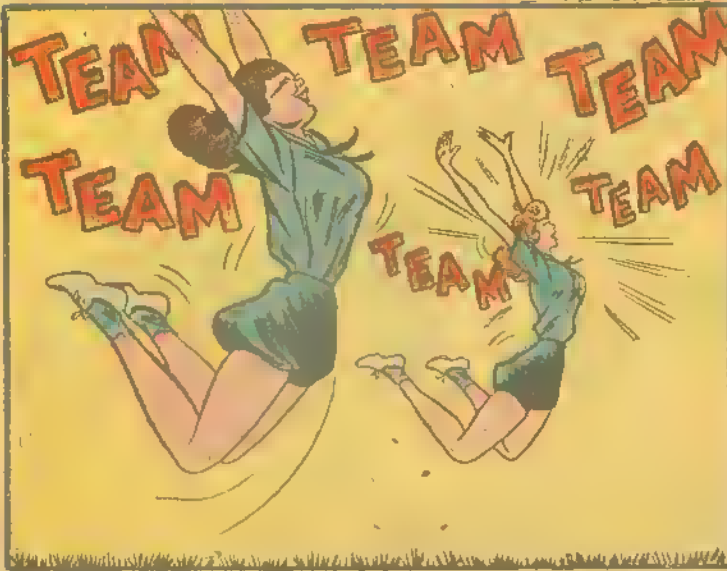
UH, HUH! BUT I WANTED TO BE A CHEER LEADER! IT'S SO IMPORTANT!

MAYBE NEXT YEAR, TINA!

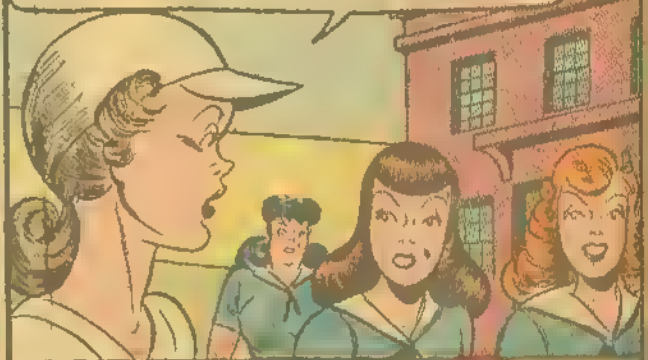


LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, CANDY! CORNELIA, YOU TOO! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!

YES, MISS SIMMS!



I'LL HAVE TO DECIDE AFTER I SEE WHAT YOU GIRLS CAN DO IN THE GYM! THE FOOTBALL TEAM IS TAKING OVER THE FIELD NOW! REPORT TO THE GYM IMMEDIATELY!



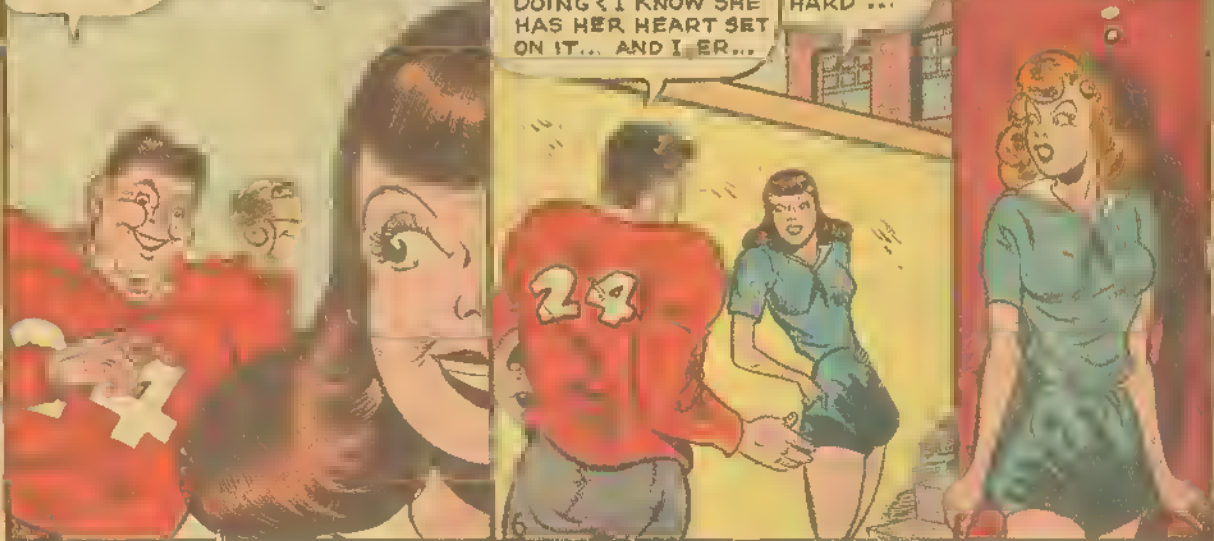
HI, CANDY! CAN I SEE YOU A MINUTE?

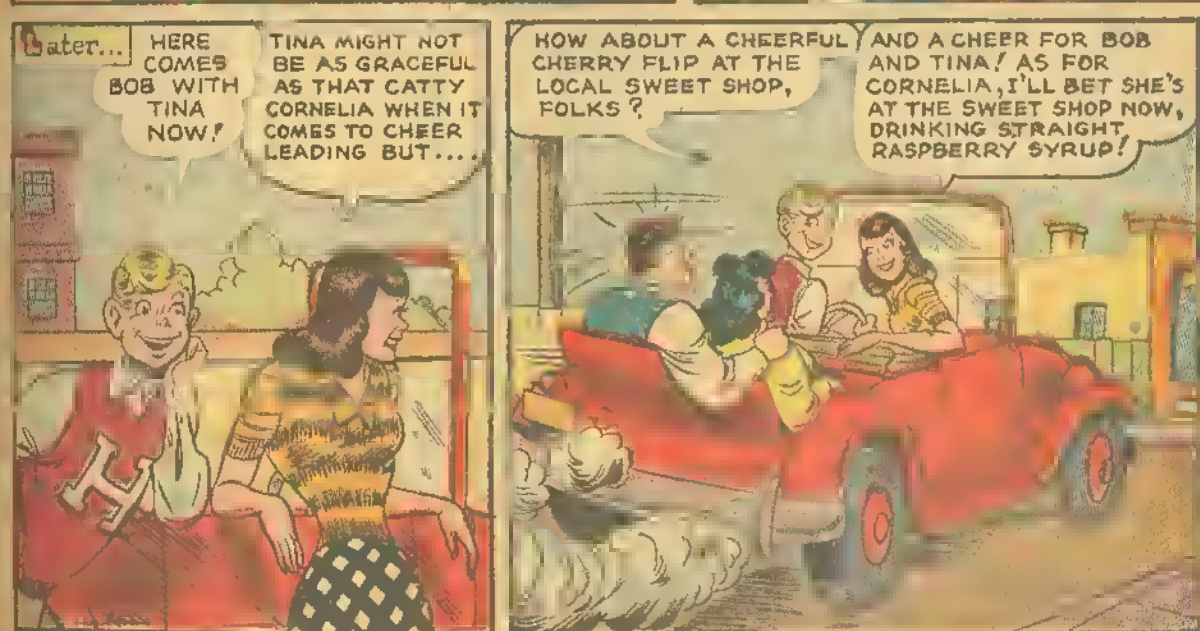
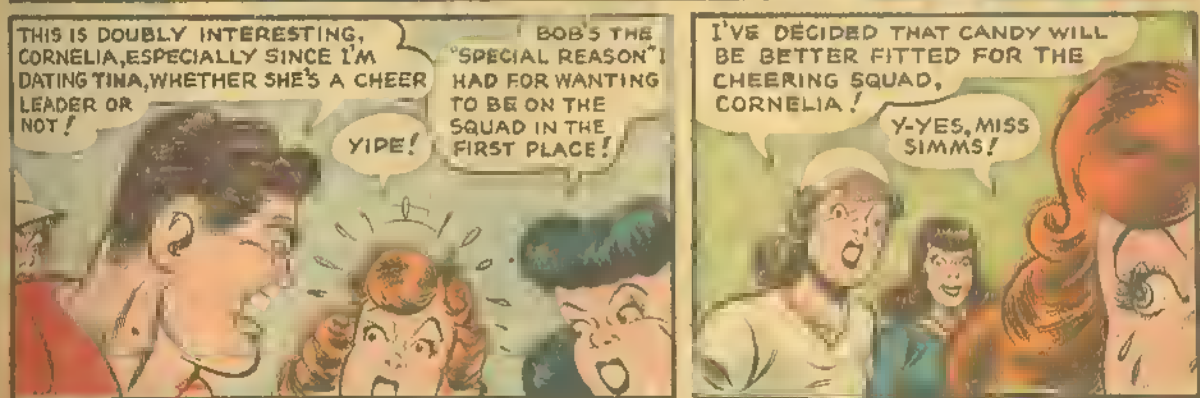
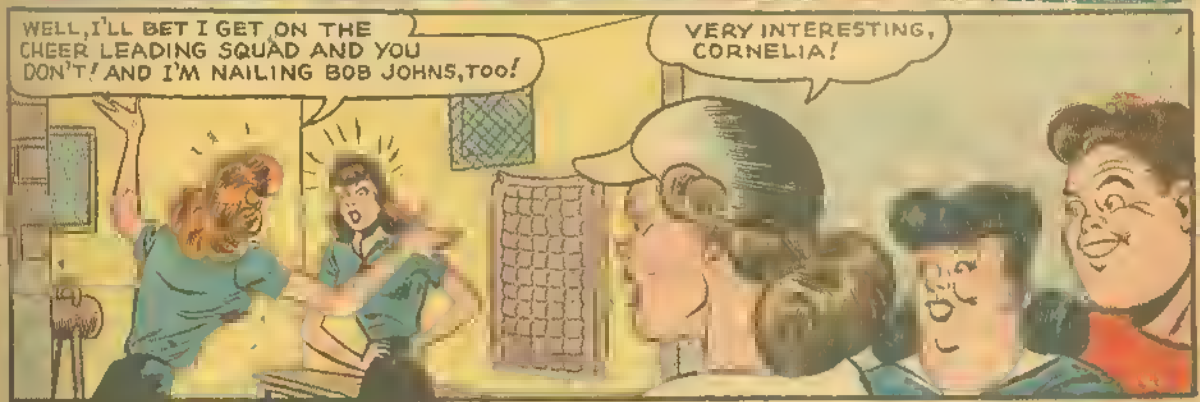
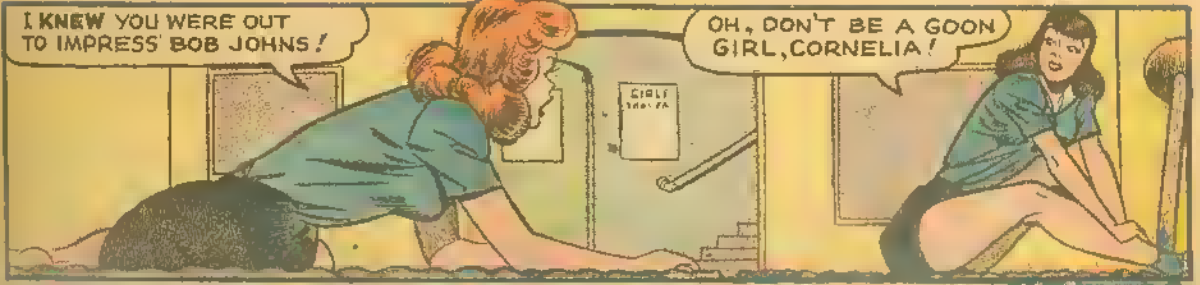
SURE, BOB! WHAT IS IT?

TED ASKED ME TO TELL YOU HE'D DRIVE YOU HOME AFTER PRACTICE! BY THE WAY, HOW'S TINA DOING? I KNOW SHE HAS HER HEART SET ON IT... AND I ER...

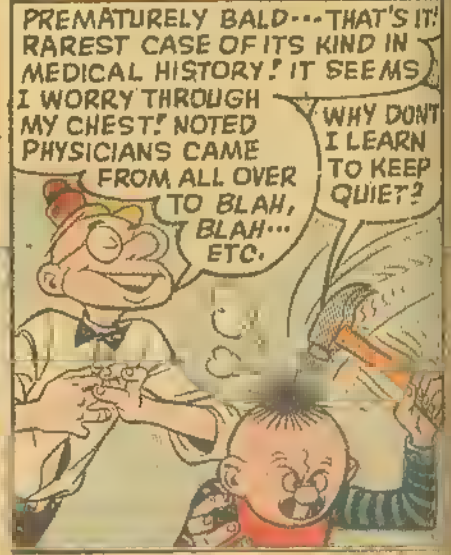
TINA .. WELL, SHE'S NOT IN THE RUNNING ANY MORE, BOB! IT'S A SHAME... SHE TRIED AWFUL HARD ...

THE OLD GLAMOUR ACT, IF I'VE EVER SEEN IT!

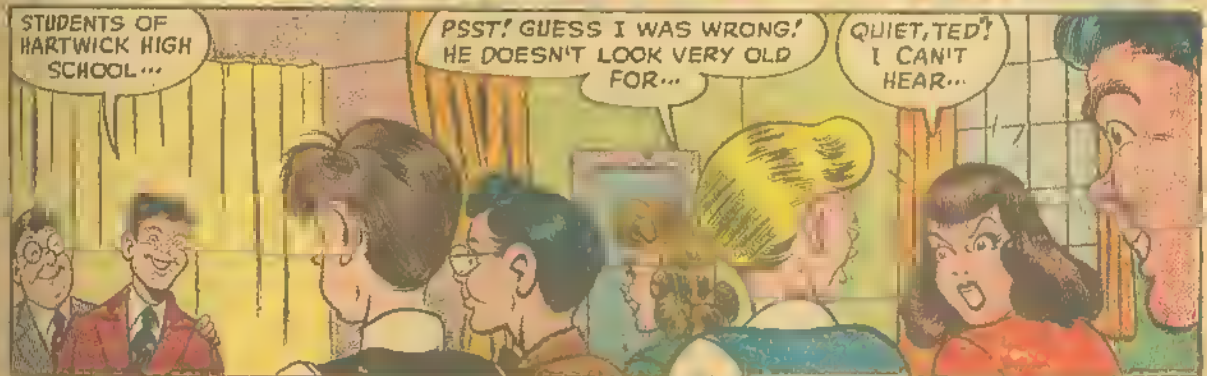
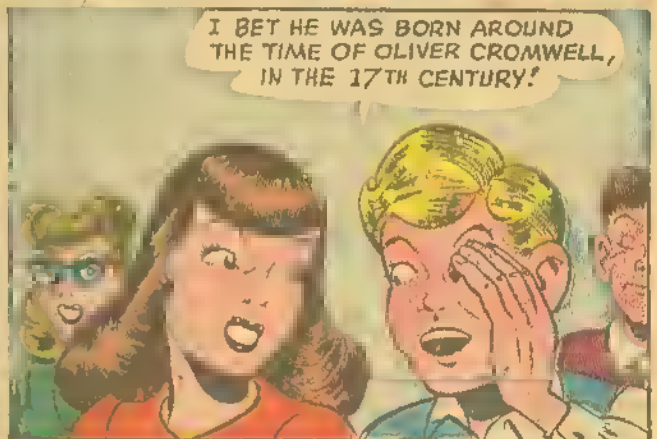
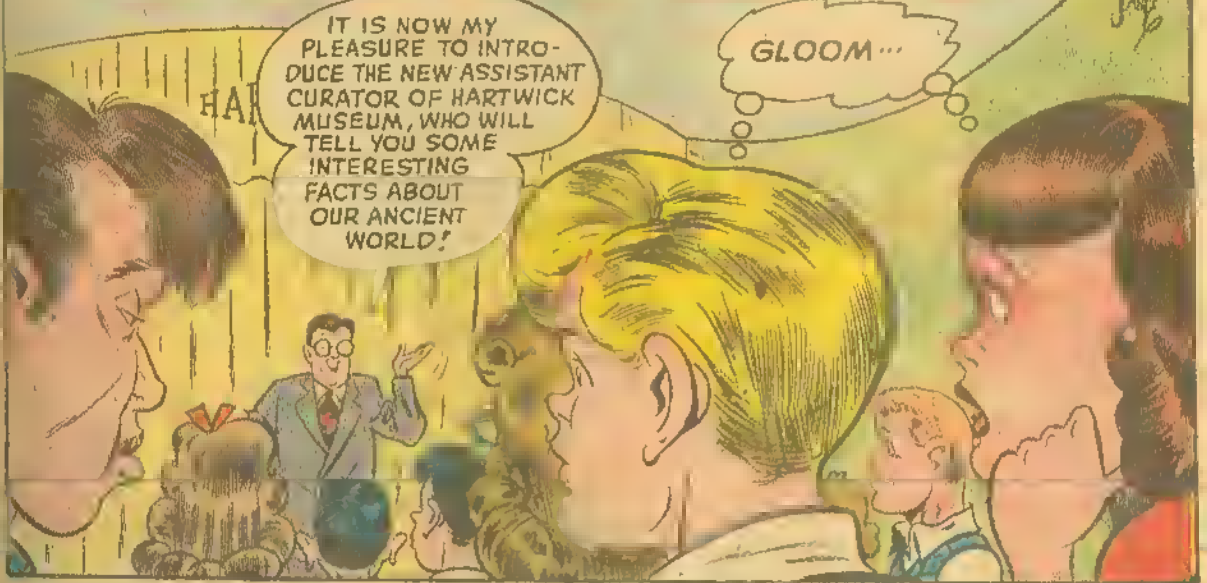


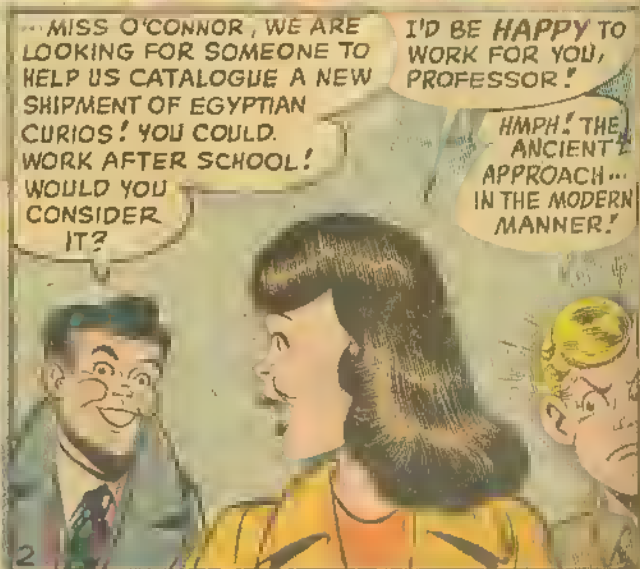
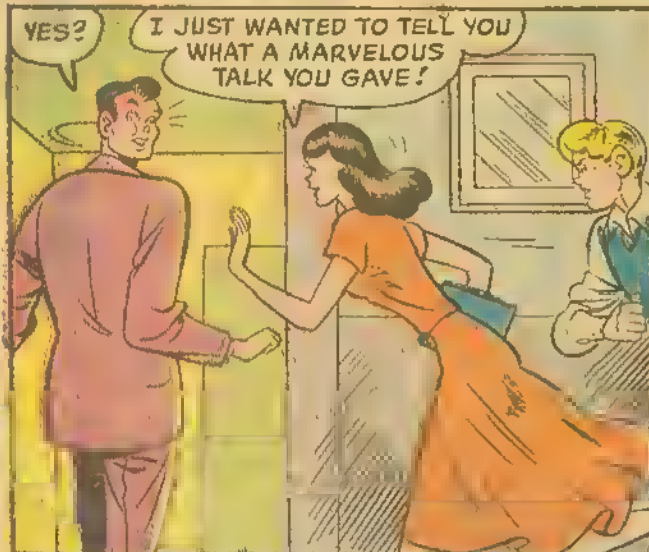
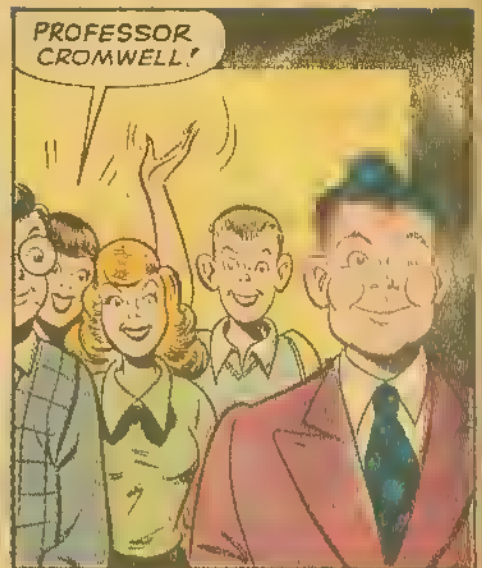
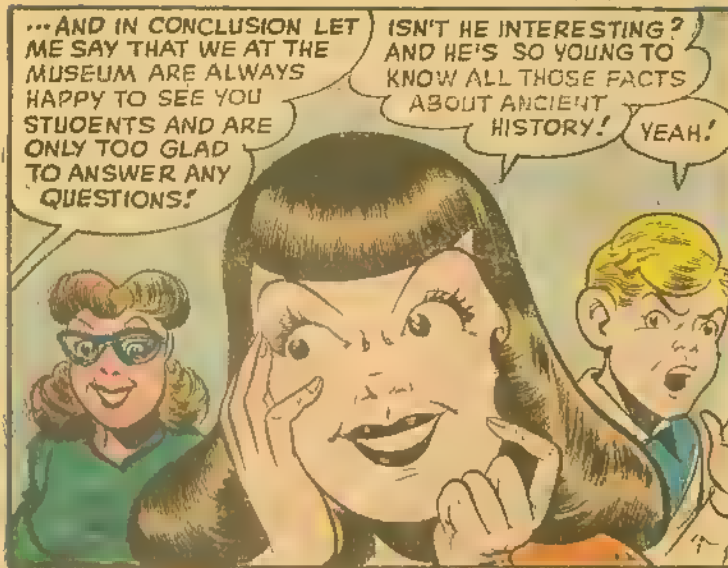


CANDY



CANDY





CANDY

Several days later ...

HOW'RE YOU MAKING OUT WITH THE DUSTY OLD MUMMIES, PIGEON?

ALL RIGHT, I GUESS! PROFESSOR CROMWELL IS AWAY, AND I'M WORKING FOR OLD DR. CRABSHAW, THE HEAD CURATOR! WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG AND KEEP ME COMPANY FOR A WHILE?

AW, CANDY, YOU KNOW I DON'T GO FOR THAT ANCIENT HISTORY STUFF!

VERY WELL, TED, IF YOU WISH TO REMAIN IGNORANT OF THE FINER THINGS!

WELL, ALL RIGHT! BUT THESE PLACES GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

DON'T LET ME INFLUENCE YOU, MR. DAWSON!

WHERE DID THAT DOG COME FROM? DR. CRABSHAW WILL SCALP US!

I GUESS HE CAN'T READ... THE DOG, I, MEAN!

CHECK ROOM

POSITIVE NO DOGS ALLOWED

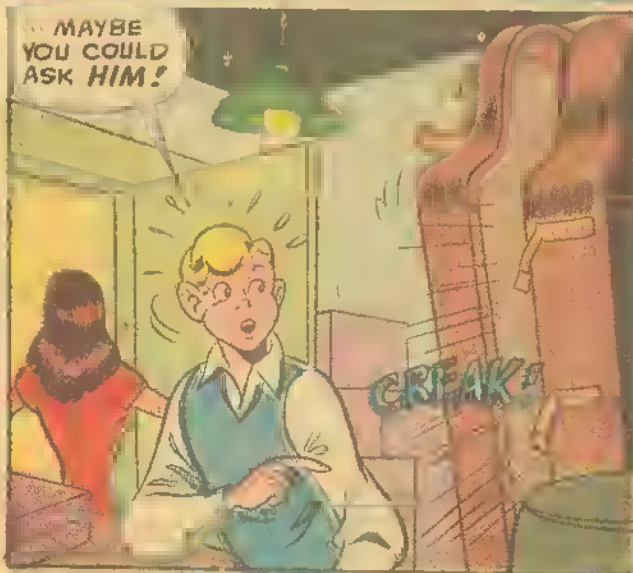
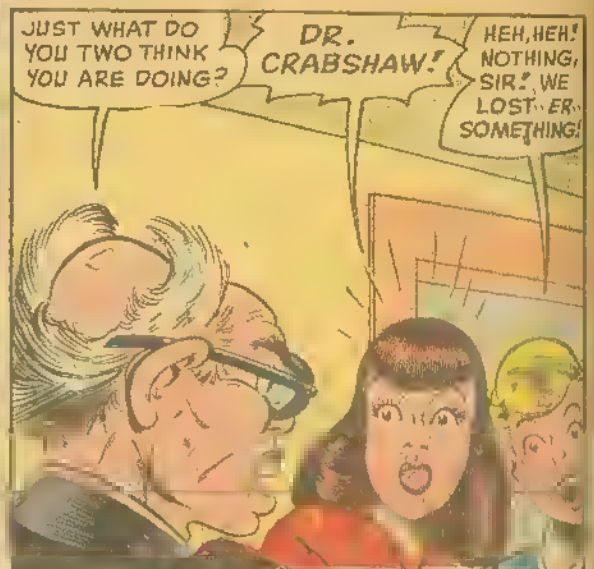
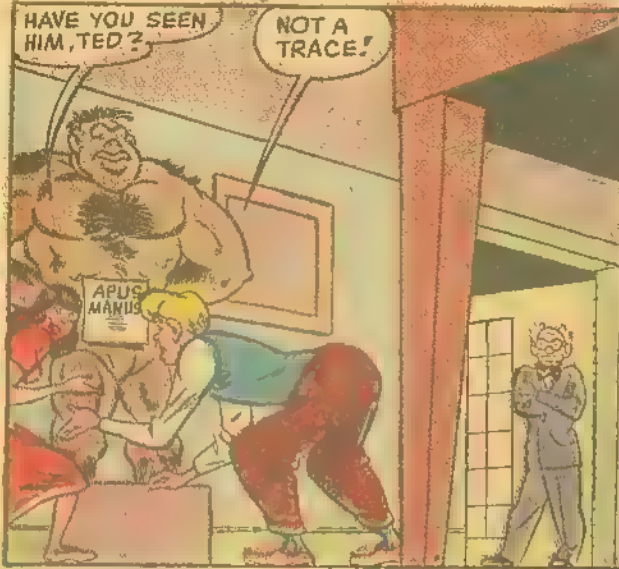
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET HIM BEFORE DR. CRABSHAW FINDS OUT!

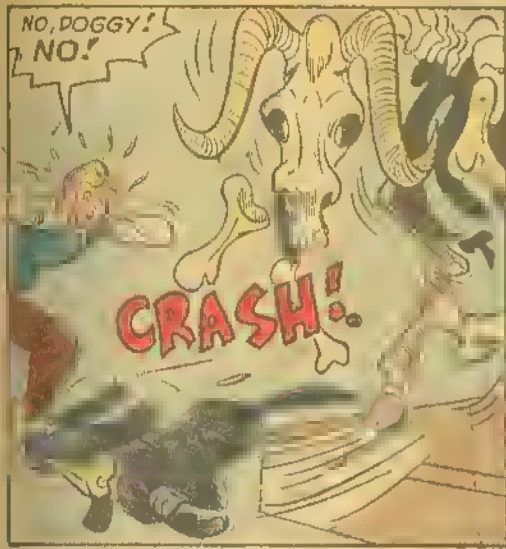
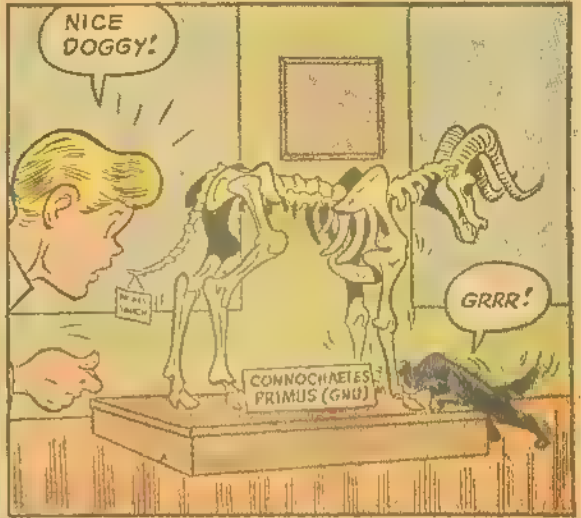
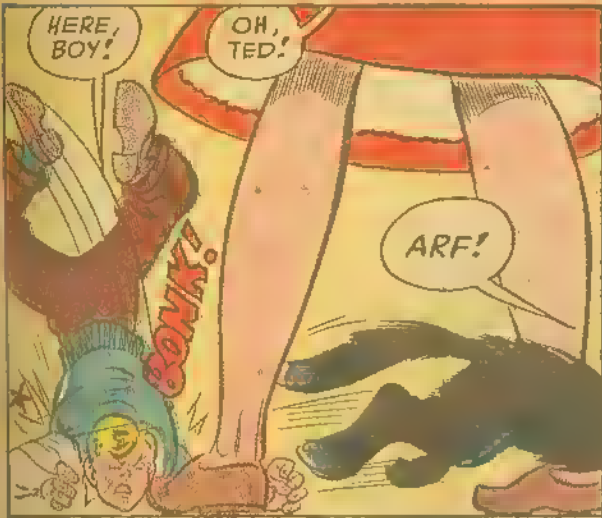
LUCKY I HAVE STEADY NERVES! I'D JUST AS SOON NOT STICK AROUND THESE STUFFED ANIMALS!

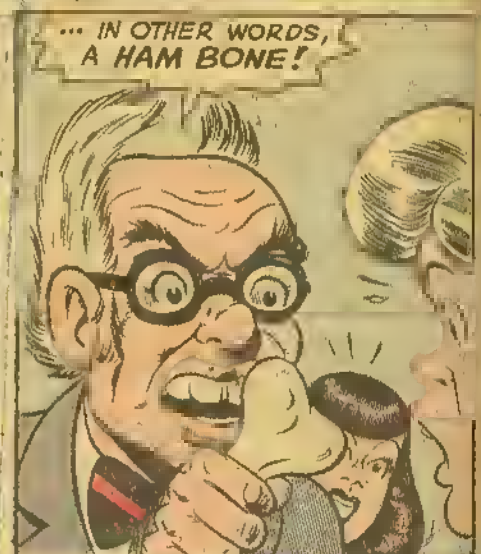
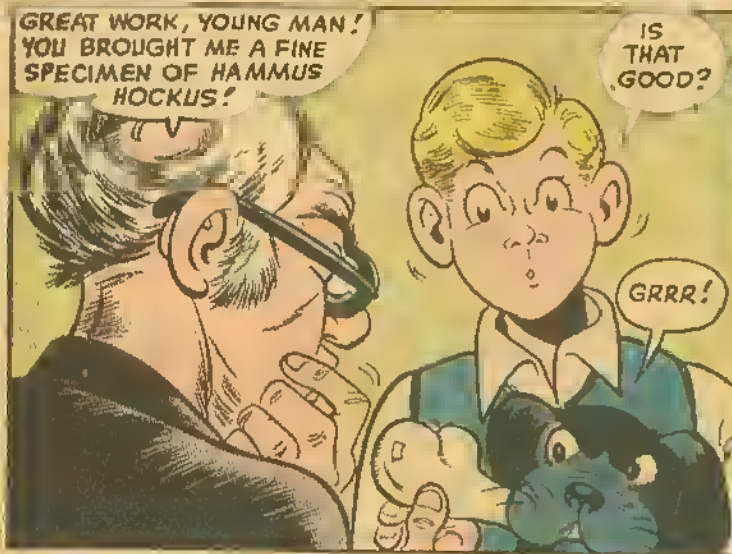
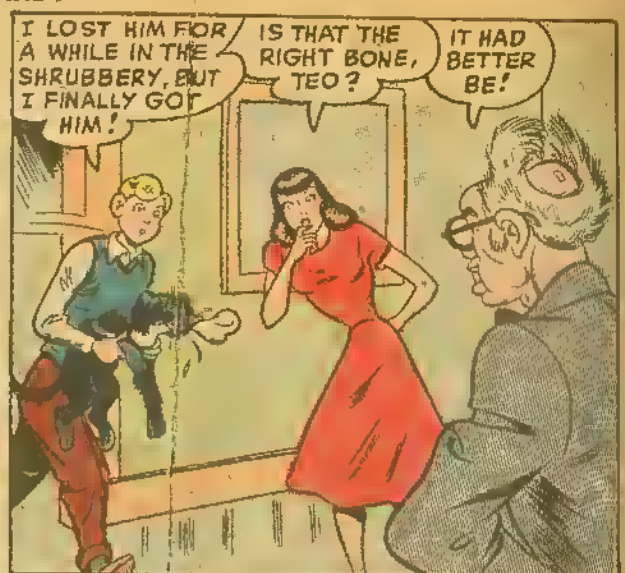
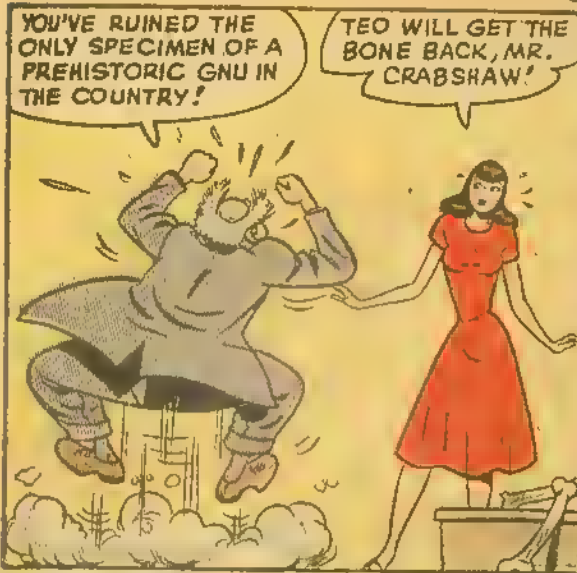
BEAR

YIP!

OH, STOP CLOWNING, TED, AND FIND THAT DOG!







Two hours later...

IT'S NO USE, CANDY. WE'LL HAVE TO TELL DR. CRABSHAW THAT WE CAN'T FIND HIS DARNED OLD GNU BONE!

I HATE TO THINK WHAT HE'LL DO!

WE LOOKED ALL OVER TOWN! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHERE THE DOG HIDE IT!

Schn Tailor

CITY DOG CATCHER

TED...LOOK! THERE'S THE POOCH THAT CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE! GUESS THE LAW THAT GOVERNS DOGS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

WAIT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? WE'LL TURN HIM LOOSE AND SEE WHETHER HE'LL LEAD US TO THE BONE!

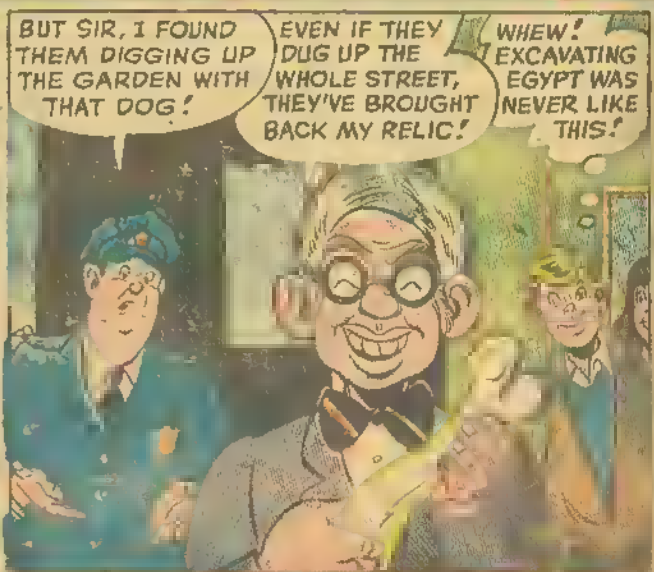
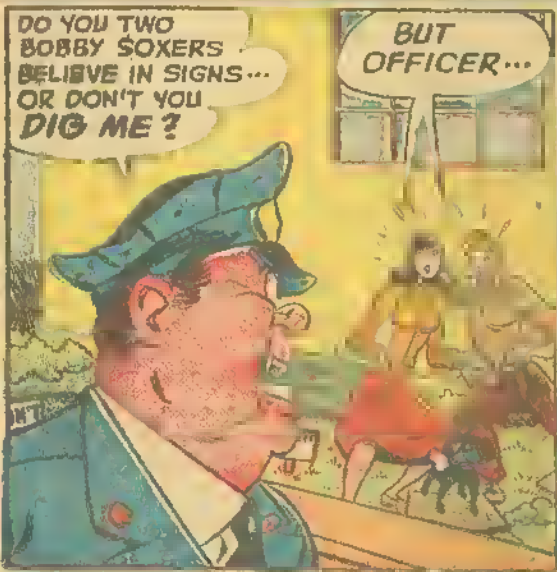
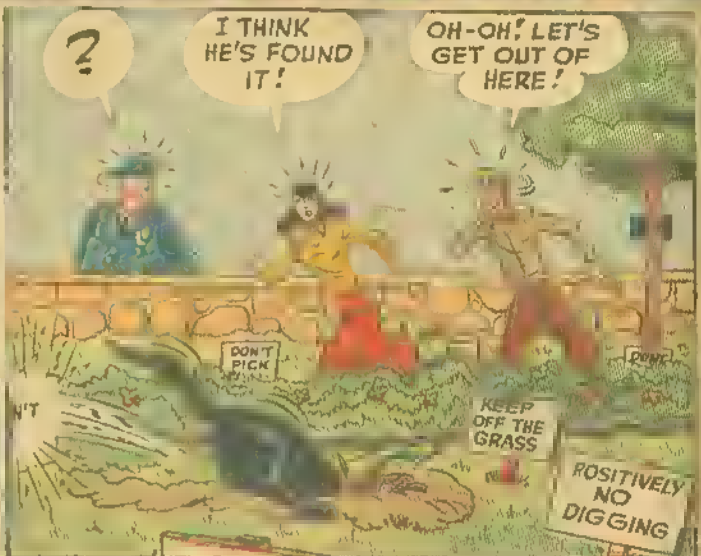
HEY, MISTER!

WAIT, MISTER! YOU HAVE A DOG IN THERE WE WANT!

CAN'T HAVE HIM UNLESS YOU PAY THE LICENSE FEE!

WE'LL PAY! THAT IS... TED...ER..

GEE, CANDY? MY LAST TWO DOLLARS!

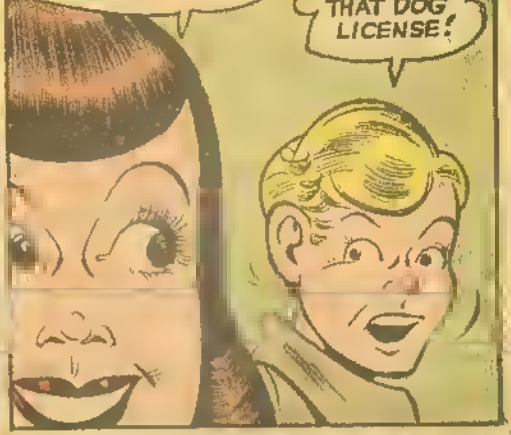


WOTTA PLACE! I
COME IN WITH A
PAIR OF VANDALS
AND GO OUT WITH
A LOST DOG!

IF ANYONE CALLS, I'LL
BE BACK 'SHORTLY'. I
HAVE TO GET A MAN
TO REPAIR THIS NEW
GNU EXHIBIT!

WHILE DR. CRABSHAW
IS OUT, MAYBE WE CAN
FIX THE SKELETON AND
SAVE THE MUSEUM
SOME MONEY!

I WISH I
COULD GET
THE TWO
BUCKS BACK
I PAID FOR
THAT DOG
LICENSE!



WON'T DR.
CRABSHAW BE
SURPRISED TO
SEE WHAT
WE'VE DONE?

I'LL BET HE
WILL! WHERE
DOES THIS LAST
HUNK OF BONE
GO?



WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?

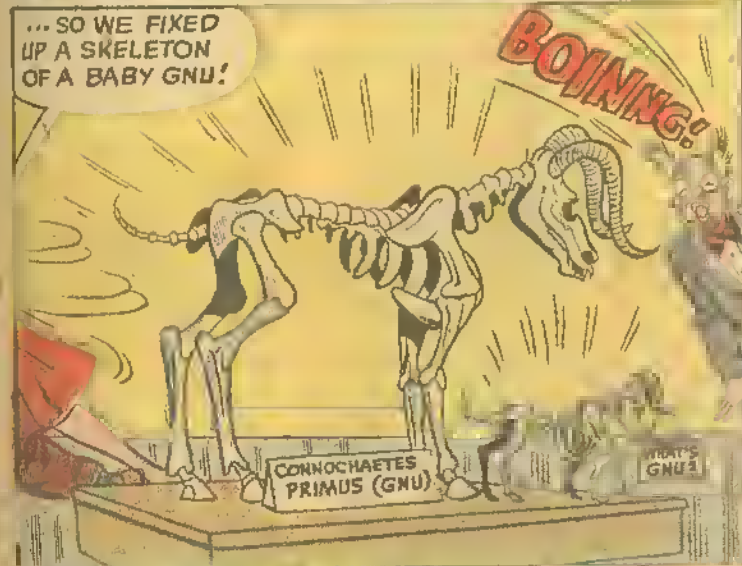


WELL, YOU SEE, DR.
CRABSHAW... WHEN
WE ASSEMBLED THE
SKELETON WE HAD A
FEW PIECES LEFT
OVER...



... SO WE FIXED
UP A SKELETON
OF A BABY GNU!

BOUNN!



I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND DR. CRAB-
SHAW... FIRING
ME AFTER ALL
I DID TO HELP
HIM!

THAT WAS ONE
TIME, SUGAR,
WHEN TWO HEADS
WEREN'T BETTER
THAN ONE... AND
THAT GOES FOR GNU
SKELETONS, ALSO! I'LL BE
GLAD WHEN IT'S ALL ANCIENT
HISTORY!



RIMS

DID THOSE
EGGS YOUR UNCLE
SENT YOU EVER
HATCH?

ARE
YOU
KIDDING?



HOLD THAT ACCELERATOR,
RIMS... I'M HOPPING
ABOARD!

REET, EMERSON,
BUT DON'T...



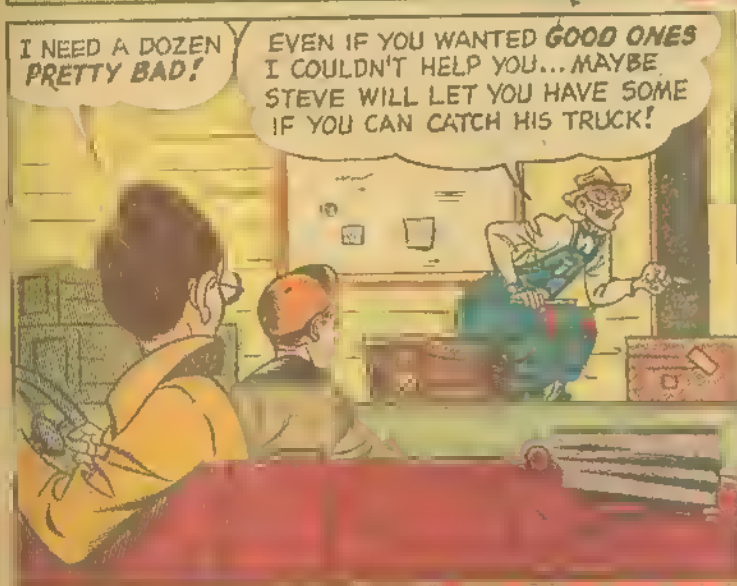
DON'T
WHAT?

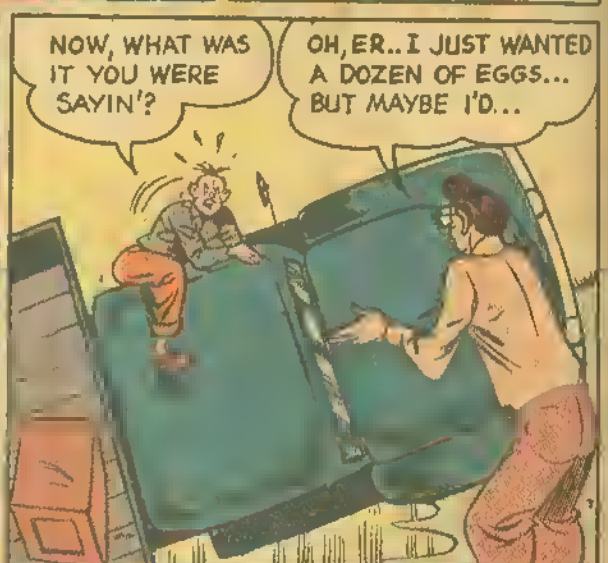
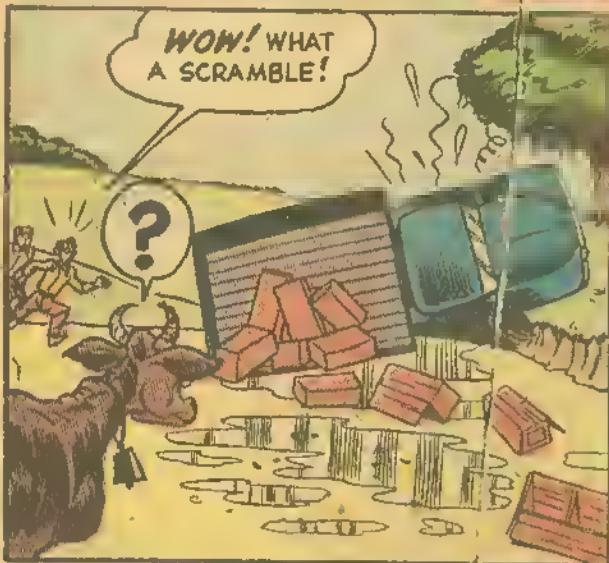
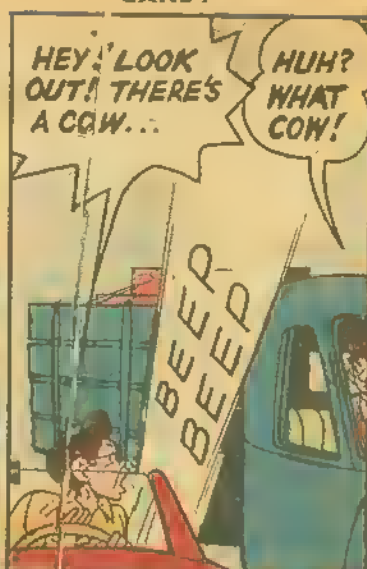
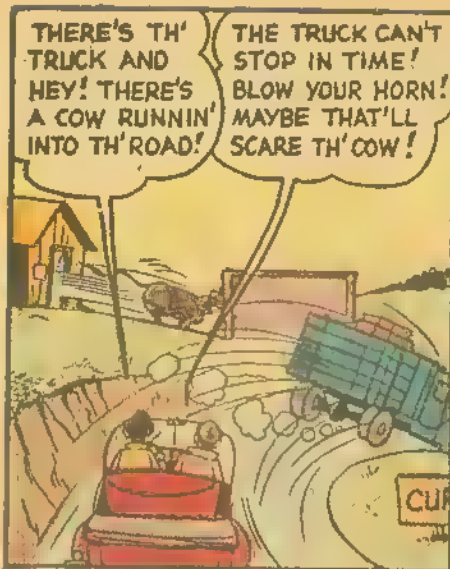
DON'T SIT ON THOSE
EGGS YOU'RE SITTING
ON!

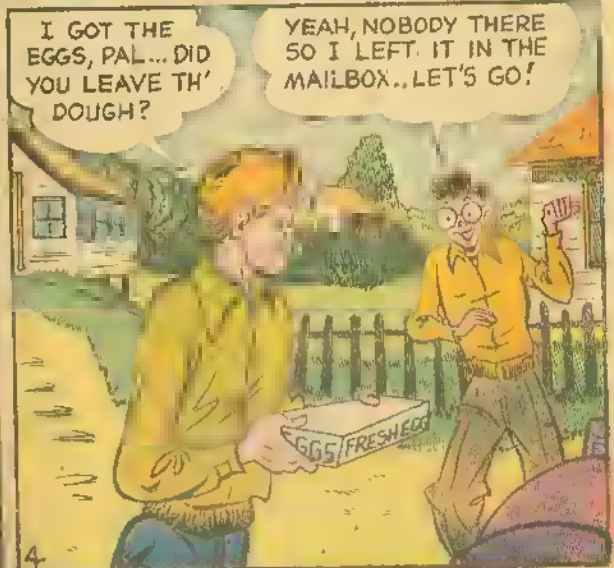
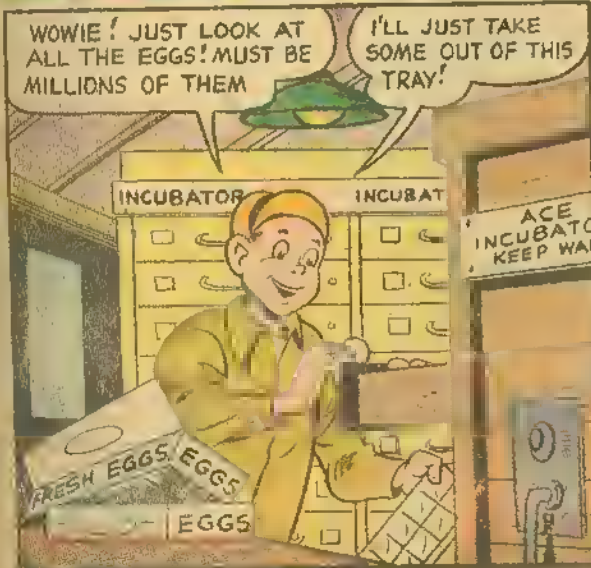
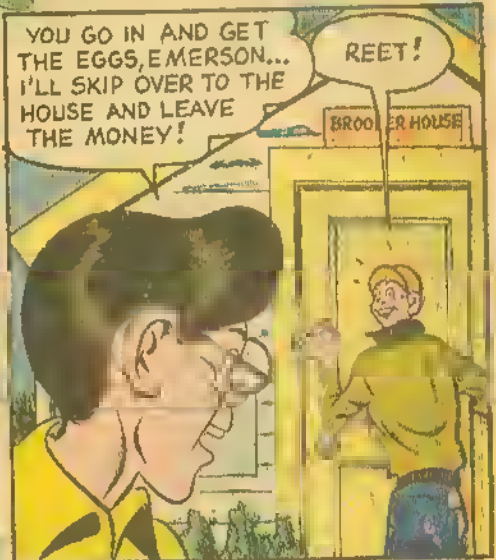
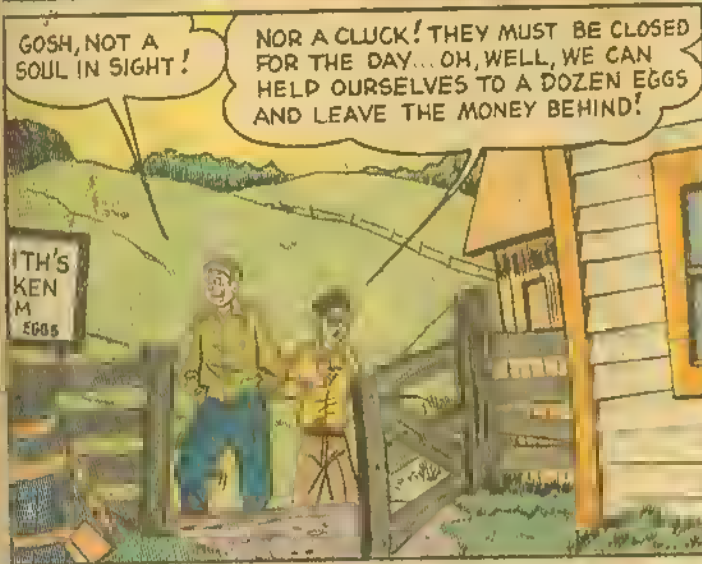
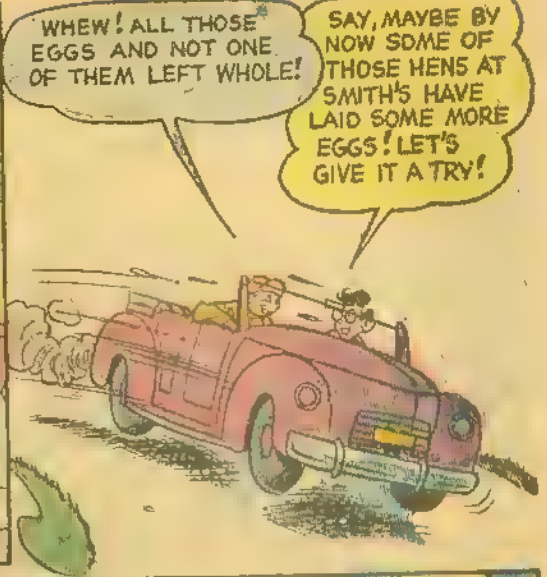
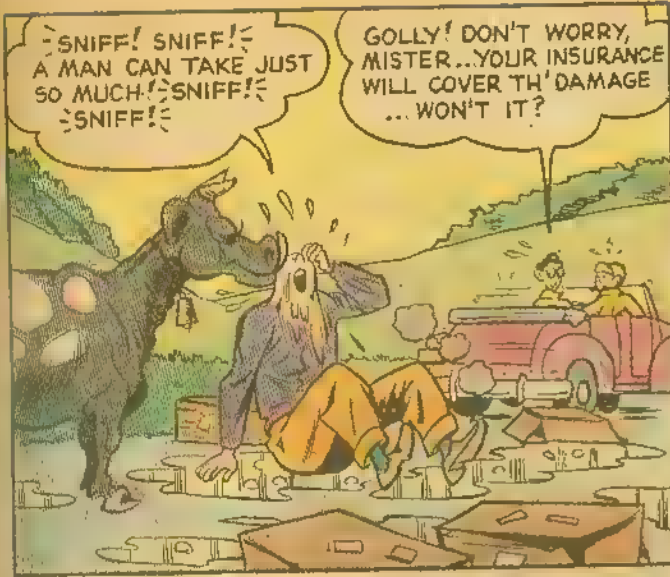


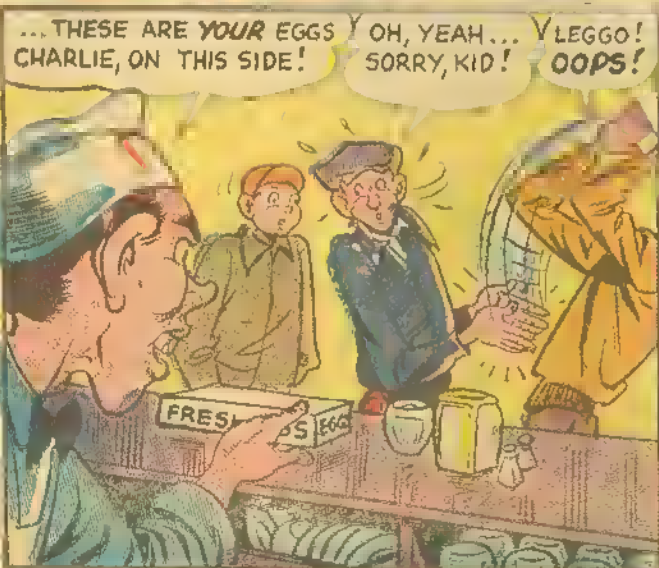
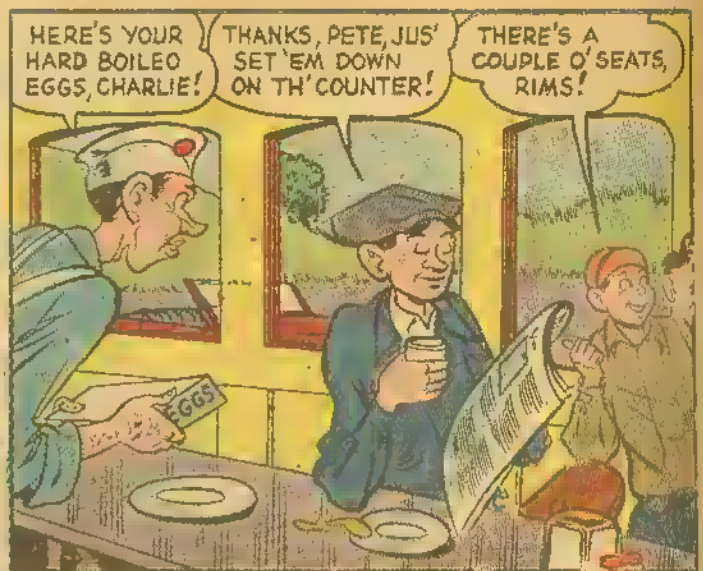
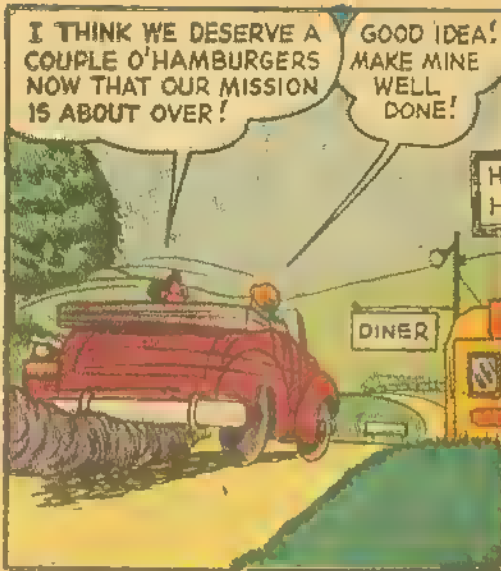


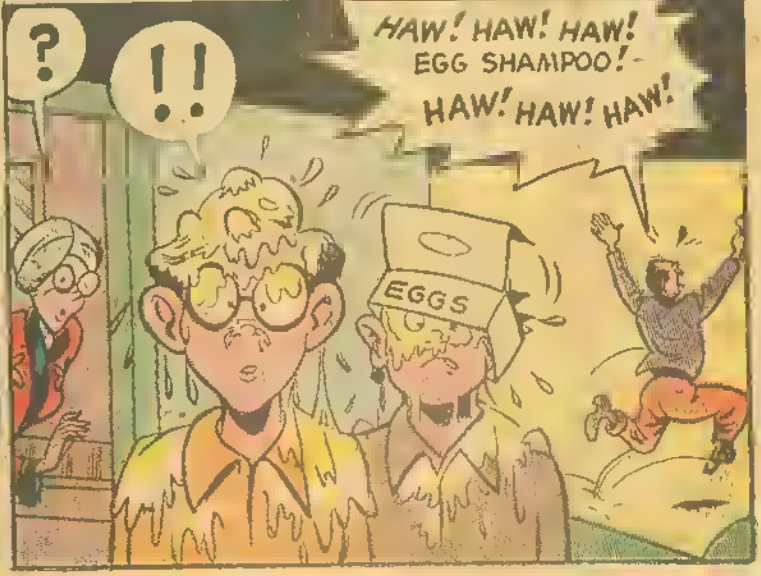
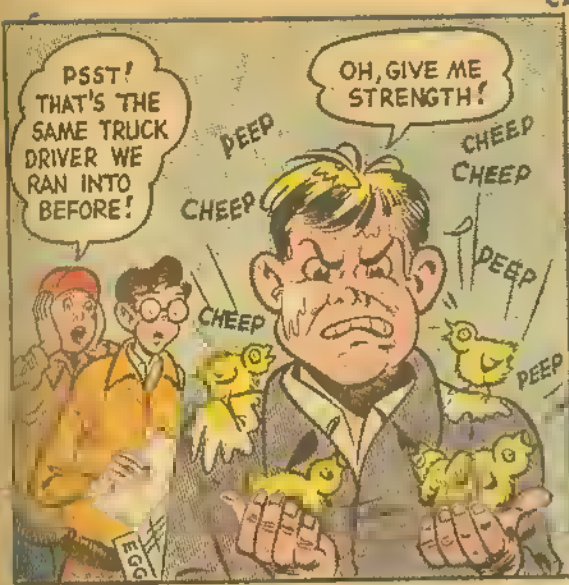
Meanwhile at Smith's Hennerly.











CANDY



SAMUE

... AND, THEREFORE, WE MUST EVER FORGE AHEAD OR FACE UTTER RUIN!

WHAT GIVES, CANDY?

IT'S A RECORDING HARLAN OAKES MADE! HE'S BEEN COACHING ME FOR THE ORATORICAL CONTEST!

BONG BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

BONG

THAT MUST BE HARLAN NOW, TO GIVE ME MY FINAL LESSON!

AW, GEE—GET RID OF THAT CREEP, SO WE CAN MAKE PLANS FOR THE DANCE!



CANDY



YOU SHOULD ENTER THE CONTEST! YOU MIGHT WIN THE BOYS' COMPETITION!

THAT'S NOT IN MY LEAGUE, SUGAR!



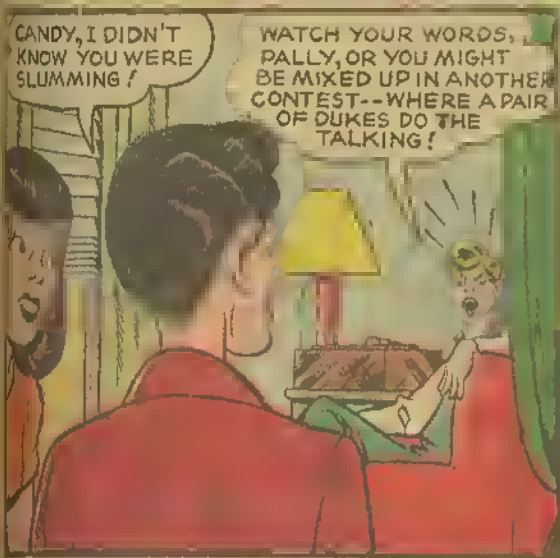
HI, HARLAN! ANY NEWS ABOUT THE CONTEST?

YES! MR. TWIGGS, THE MILLIONAIRE SPONSORING THE CONTEST, IS IN TOWN!



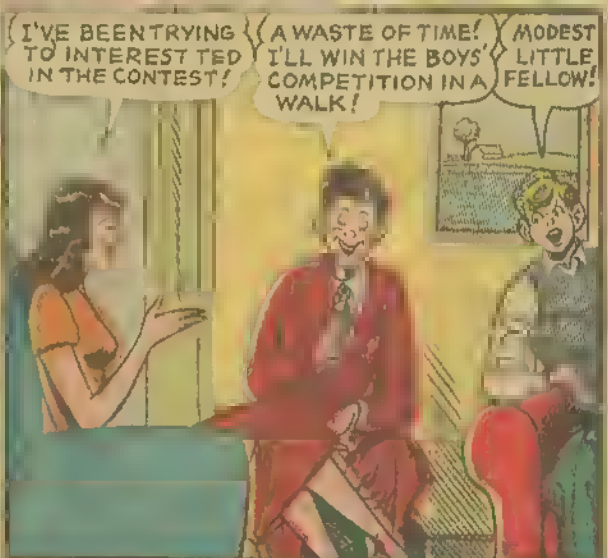
AND HE'S GOING TO PICK THE HARTWICK HIGH REPRESENTATIVES?

RIGHT! ALSO, HE'LL ANNOUNCE THE DATE FOR THE ALL-STATE FINALS!



CANDY, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SLUMMING!

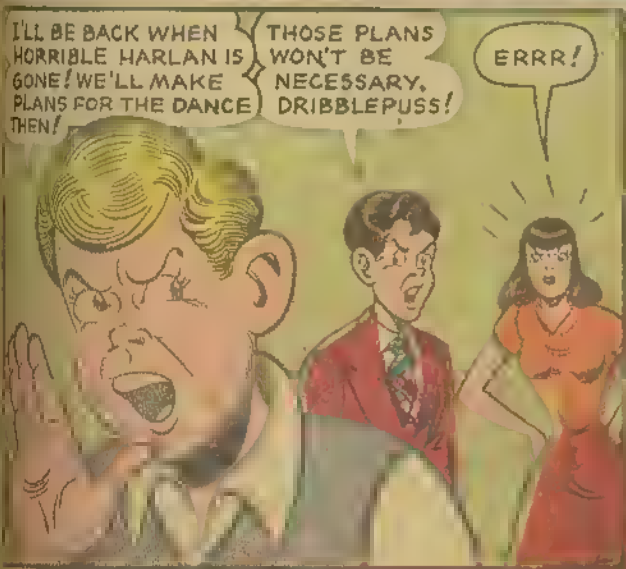
WATCH YOUR WORDS, PALLY, OR YOU MIGHT BE MIXED UP IN ANOTHER CONTEST--WHERE A PAIR OF DUKES DO THE TALKING!



I'VE BEEN TRYING TO INTEREST TED IN THE CONTEST!

A WASTE OF TIME! I'LL WIN THE BOYS' COMPETITION IN A WALK!

MODEST LITTLE FELLOW!



I'LL BE BACK WHEN HORRIBLE HARLAN IS GONE! WE'LL MAKE PLANS FOR THE DANCE THEN!

THOSE PLANS WON'T BE NECESSARY, DRIBBLEPUSS!

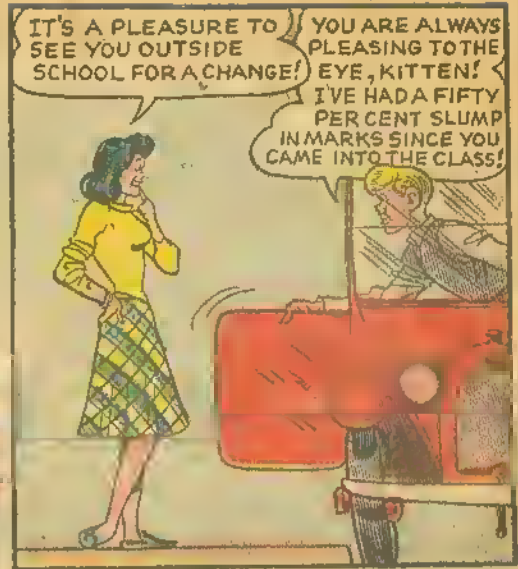
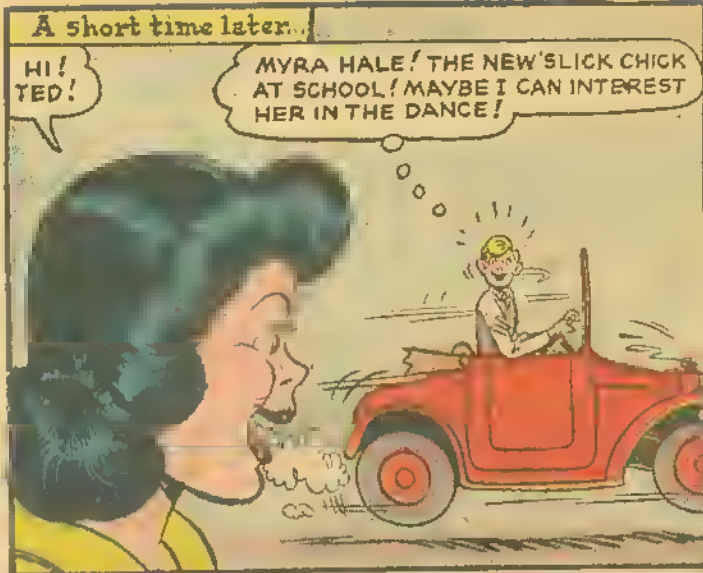
ERRR!



CANDY HAS GIVEN ME THE PRIVILEGE OF ESCORTING HER TO THE DANCE

WHAT?

HE'S BEEN SO NICE ABOUT COACHING ME, TED! I THOUGHT I OUGHT TO...

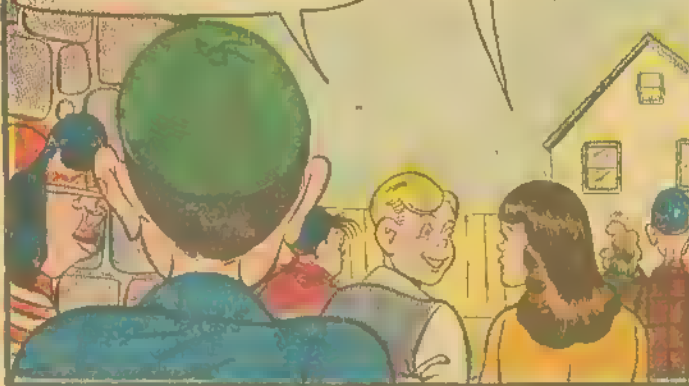




Next day...after the girls' oratorical competition...

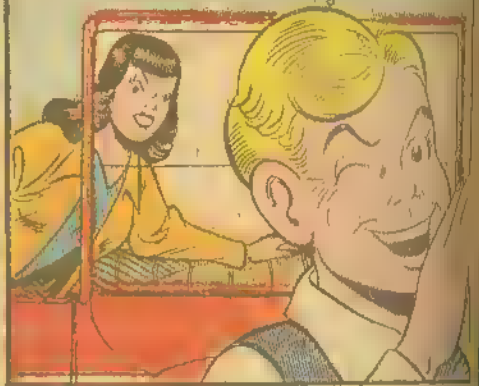
HI, SUGAR! DON'T FEEL BAD BECAUSE YOU LOST! LET'S GO FOR A SODA AND SHAKE OFF THOSE POLYSYLLABLES THEY WERE SPOUING IN THERE!

WELL, ALL RIGHT, TED! HMMM, NOW THAT MYRA WON, YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY!



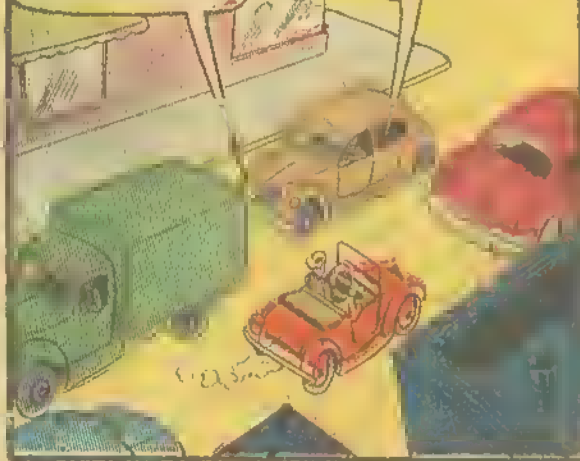
I SAW YOU DRIVING MYRA AROUND!

THE LITTLE LADY IS JEALOUS IN A PURELY FEMININE SORT OF WAY, DAWSON! YOU'RE IN SOLID!



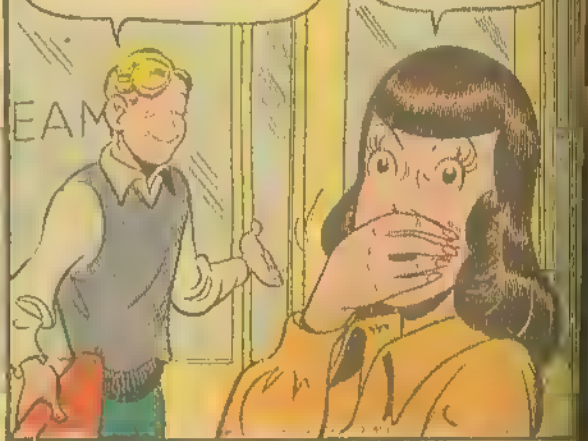
FINE GIRL, MYRA! TOO BAD SHE WON'T BE HERE FOR THE DANCE!

WHY NOT?



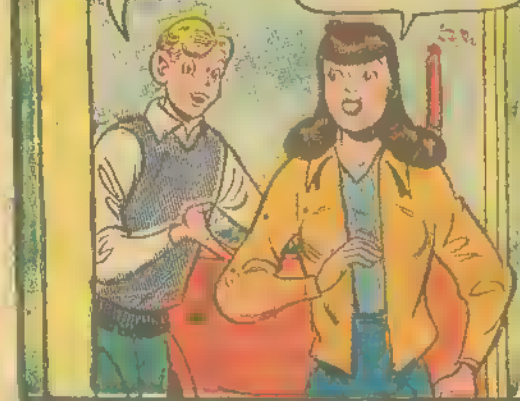
BECAUSE THE ALL-STATE FINALS ARE BEING HELD OUT OF TOWN THE SAME DAY AS THE DANCE!

OH! IF HARLAN WINS THE BOYS' COMPETITION TOMORROW...



OUR BOY HARLAN CAN'T MISS! SO THE POOR DAWSON BOY WILL GET A CHANCE TO TAKE HIS DREAM GIRL TO THE DANCE!

BUT HARLAN WASN'T IN SCHOOL TODAY! WONDER IF ANYTHING'S WRONG?



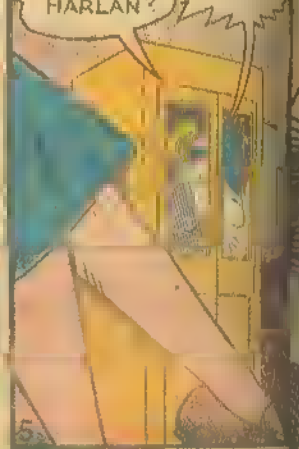
I'LL GIVE HIM A RING AND FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS!

WONDER IF TED HAS A CRUSH ON MYRA!



MRS OAKES, THIS IS TED DAWSON! MAY I SPEAK TO HARLAN?

HARLAN CAN'T TALK! HE HAS LARYNGITIS!



The next afternoon... at the boys' competi-
 HARLAN IS STILL SICK! IT MEANS YOU'LL PROBABLY BE GOING TO THE DANCE WITH HIM! EVEN THOUGH HE CAN'T TALK, HE CAN STILL WALK!

I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT, TED - IF HE STILL WANTS TO KEEP THE DATE!

THAT CLOSES THE CONTEST FOR HARTWICK! MR. TWIGGS WILL NOW MAKE HIS CHOICE!

IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE... AWEM... SHOUTING! WAIT, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!

ME, TOO, TED! I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK IN THE RECORD LIBRARY!

I THINK WE SHOULD BE FAIR, SIR!

WELL!

MAY I SAY SOMETHING, SIR?

THE COMPETITION IS OVER, DAWSON, BUT... ER, GO AHEAD IF YOU WISH!

AND MERELY BECAUSE HARLAN OAKES HAS BEEN VICTIMIZED BY LARYNGITIS, IS NO REASON WHY HARTWICK HIGH SHOULD BE DENIED THE CHANCE TO HAVE ITS FINEST ORATOR IN THE ALL-STATE FINALS!

HOORAY!
CLAP!
CLAP!

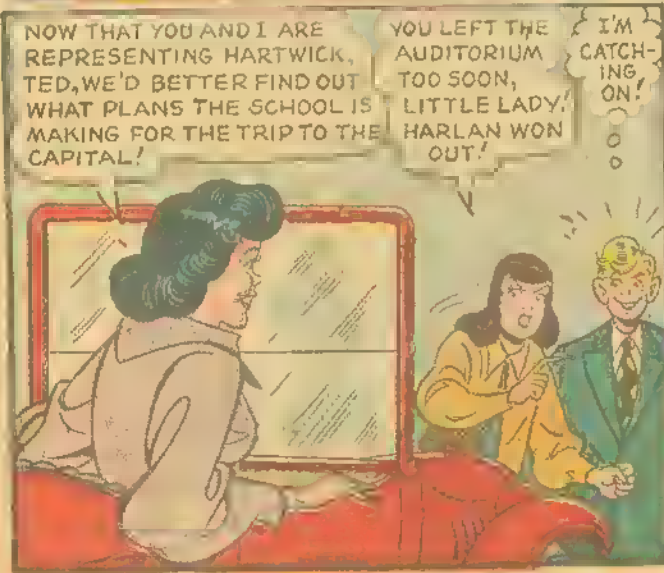
THAT WAS A VERY CONVINCING SPEECH, YOUNG MAN!

YOU SHOULD HEAR HARLAN OAKES, SIR! HE'S WONDERFUL!

YOUNG MAN, YOU SHALL REPRESENT HARTWICK HIGH IN THE ALL-STATE FINALS!

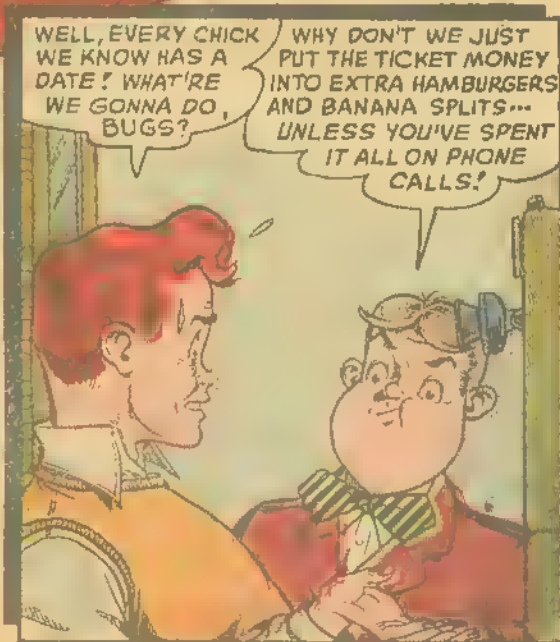
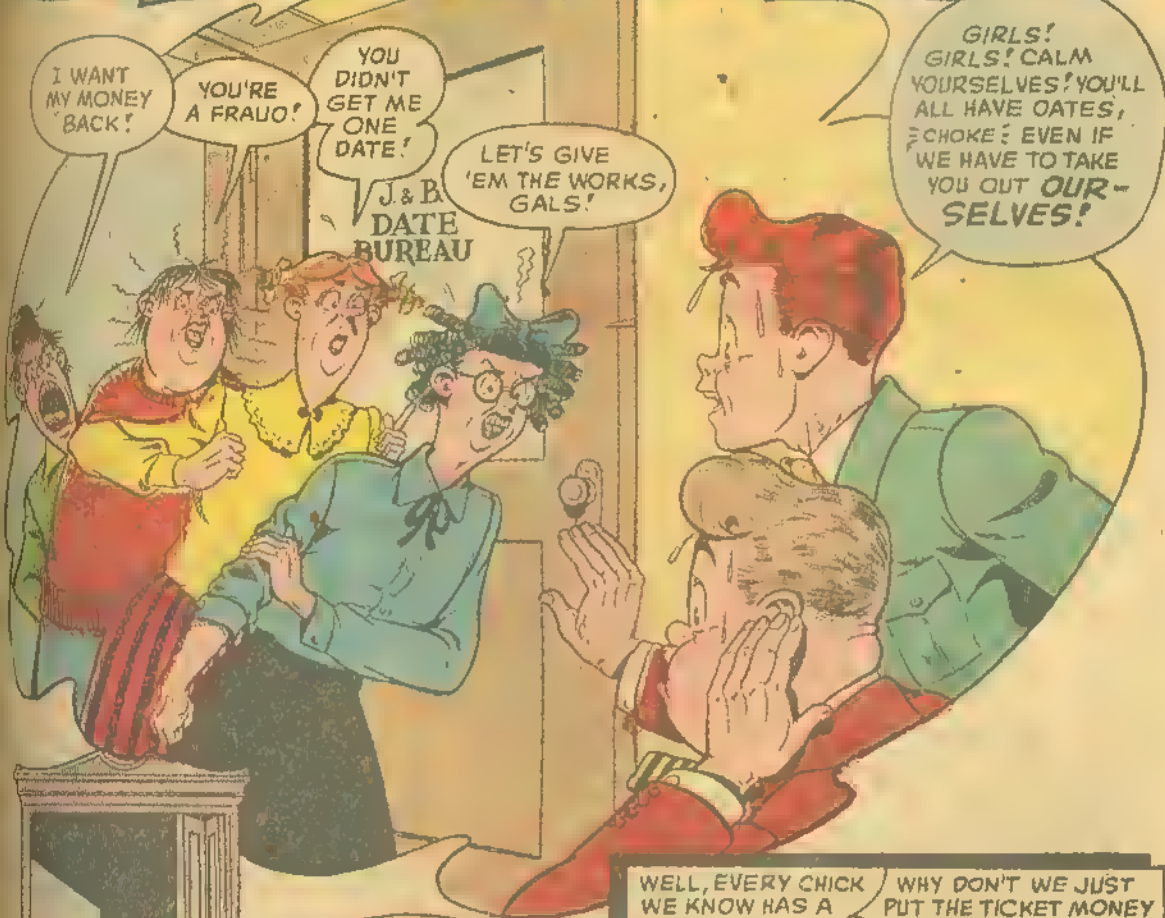
O! I'VE SABOTAGED MYSELF!

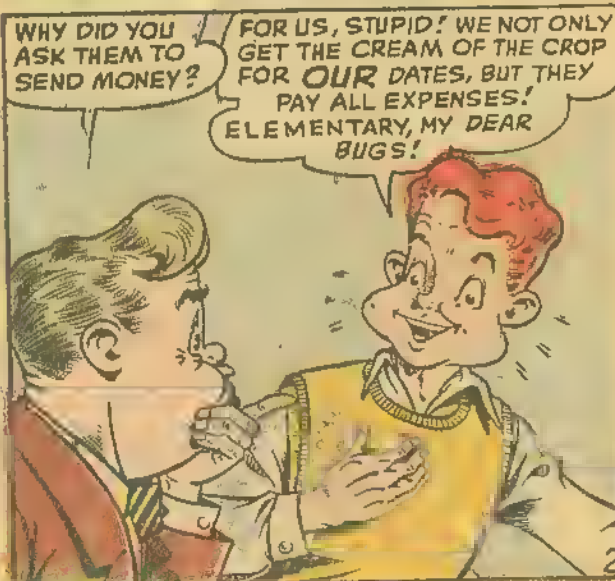
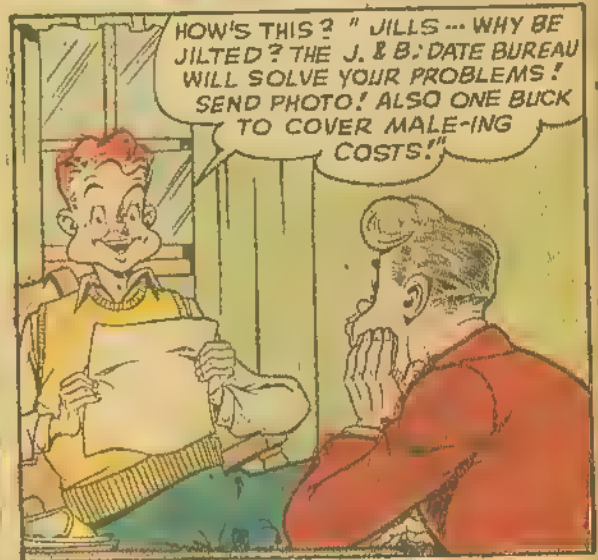
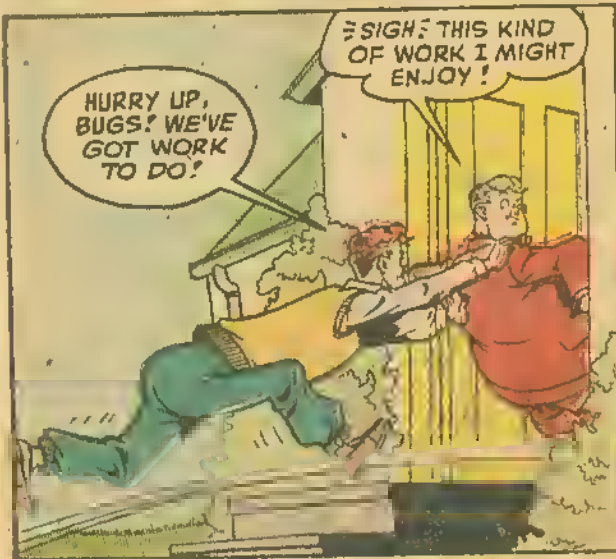
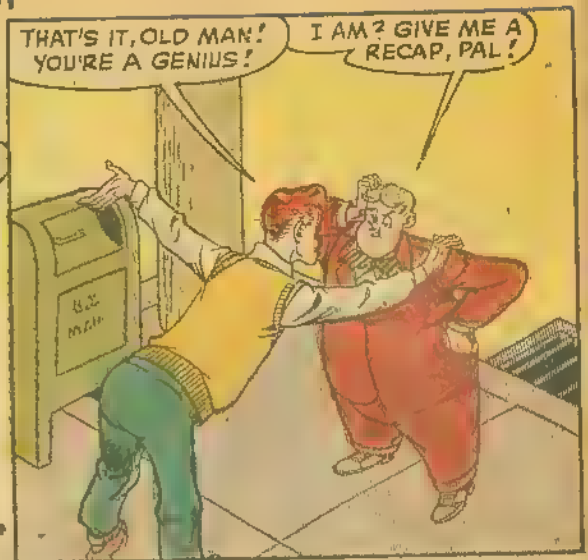
HOORAY!
SOLID, TED!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!



CANDY

JITTERS





Several days later...

"PUFF! OPEN UP!
I BRING GLAD
TIDINGS!"

HOLD YOUR
HORSES! I'M
COMING!

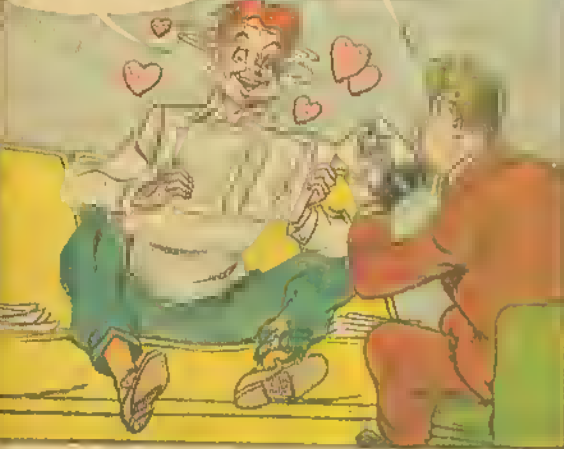


WATCH
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING, YOU
BIG, CLUMSY
GOON!

HEY, JITTERS...
THEY'RE HERE!
WE'RE IN BUSINESS!

GLEEPS! A WHOLE
NEW CROP OF
GORGEOUS JILLS,
AND ALL OURS!

HERE'S A PICTURE OF A
JOE! HOW DID HE
GET IN HERE?



SOME GUYS CAN'T EVEN
READ! THE AD
DISTINCTLY
SAID JILLS!



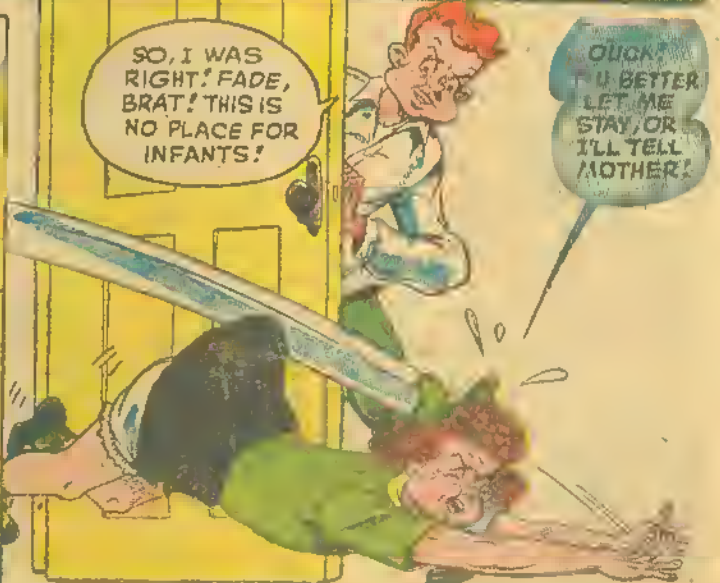
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

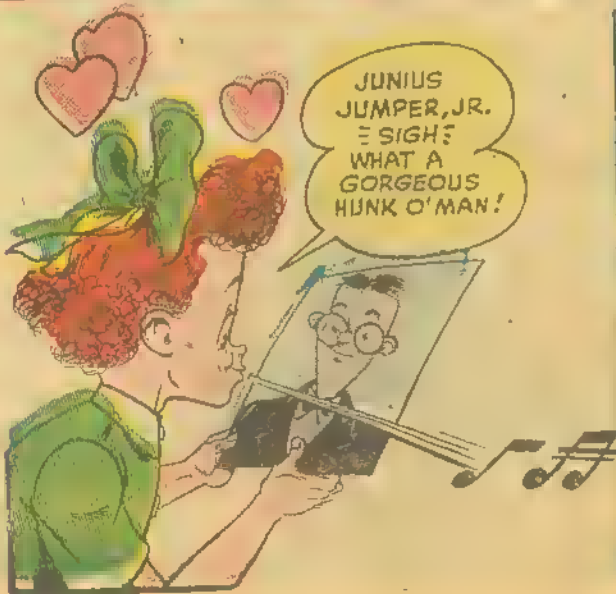
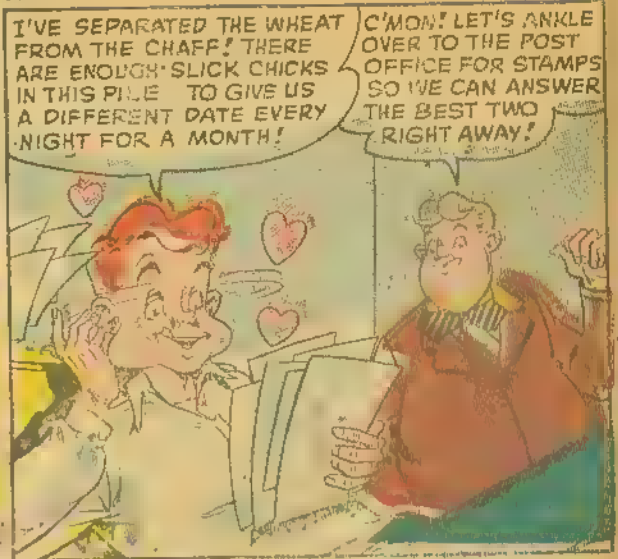
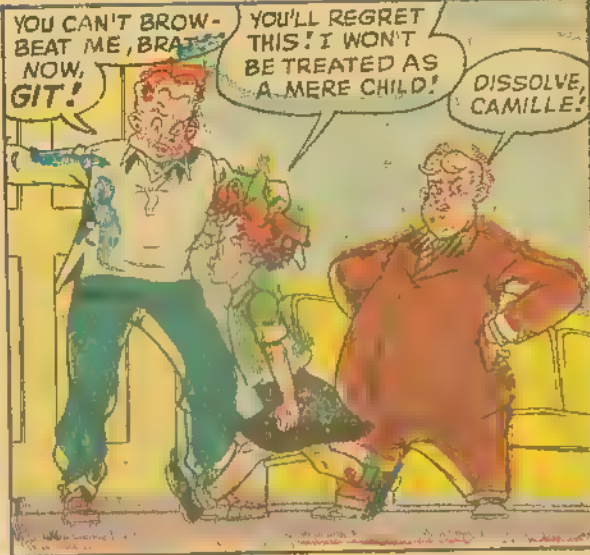
SHH! MY PSYCHIC SELF
TELLS ME WE ARE NOT
ALONE!

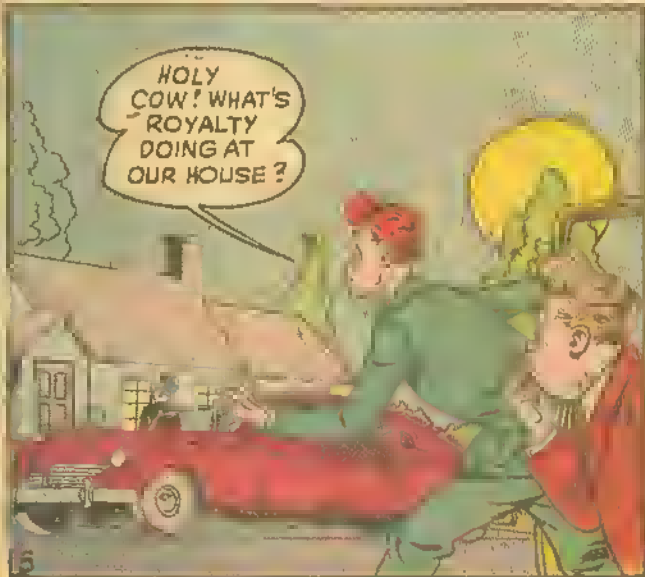
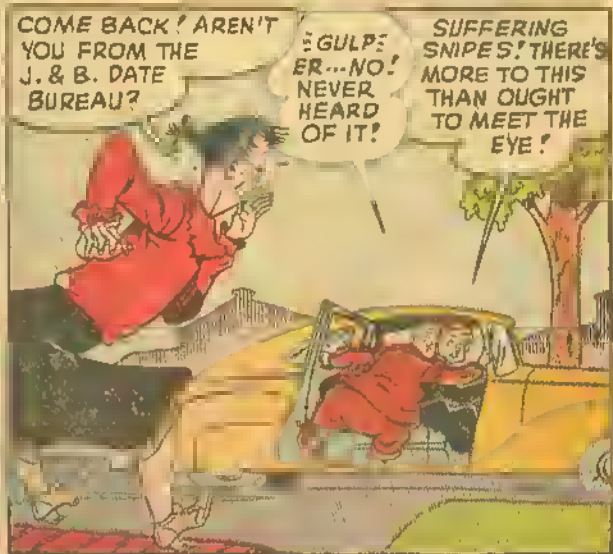
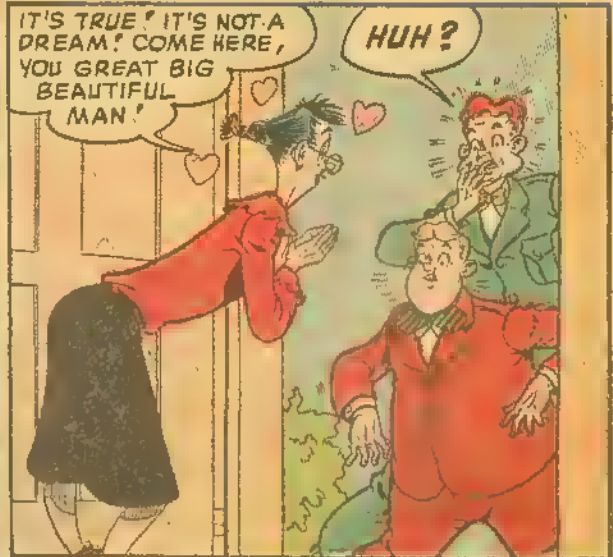
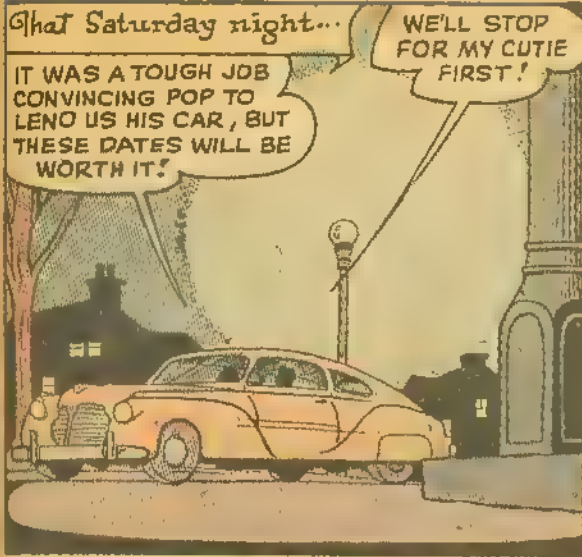


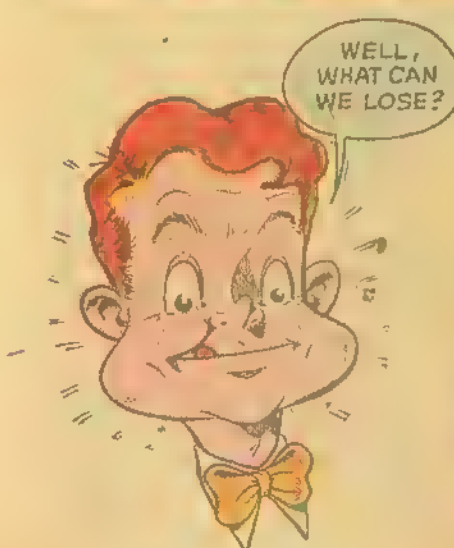
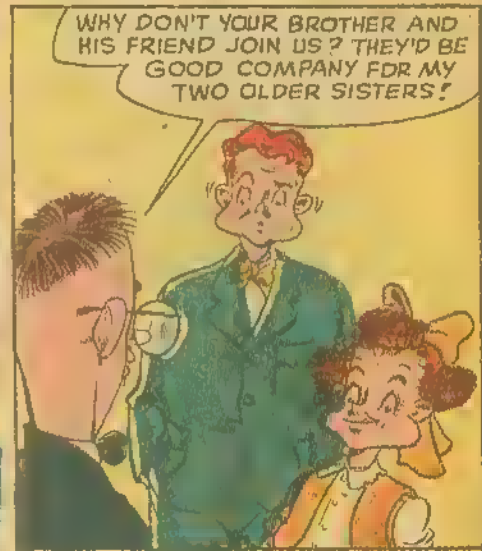
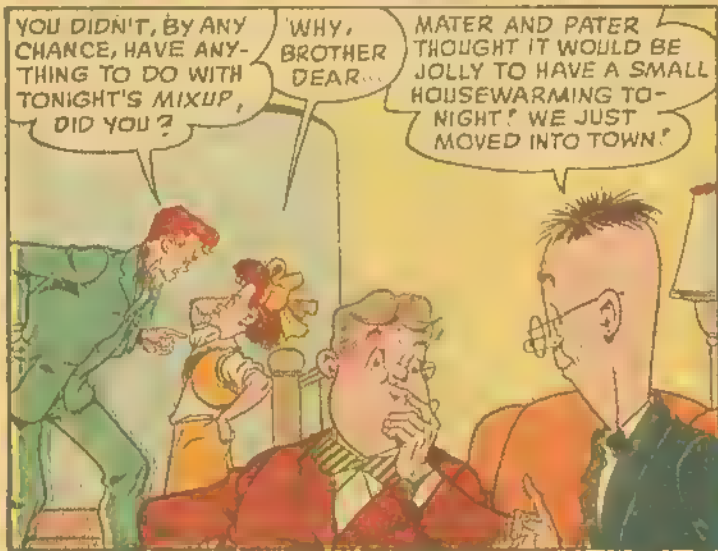
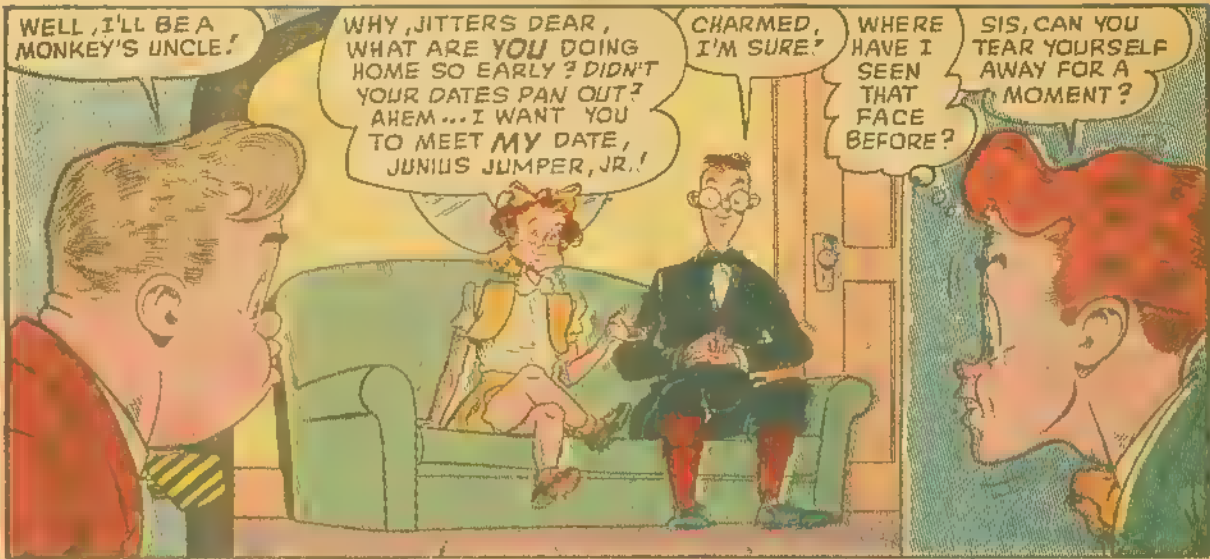
SO, I WAS
RIGHT! FADE,
BRAT! THIS IS
NO PLACE FOR
INFANTS!

OUCH!
U BETTER
LET ME
STAY, OR
I'LL TELL
MOTHER!









Country

CANDY



Style



AS the door of the Sweet Shoppe swung open, the kids inside looked up with interest. Candy O'Connor stood in the doorway with a strange girl. Everyone had heard that Candy's cousin was paying her a visit, and as the two girls came in, the boys and girls stared at each other. The usual whistle accompanied the entrance, but it was a whistle strictly from surprise. This figure following Candy was definitely no wolf bait.

"Uh . . . let's sit here, Cousin Susie." Candy slid into a booth with her eyes lowered. "Two banana royales," she called to Herbie, who stood behind the counter.

"Say, that sounds good enough to eat! Get it? Ha-ha-ha!" Susie's voice matched her appearance. Penetrating and twangy, it was straight from the hills. It was as conspicuous as her red hair, and the red dress that clashed with the hair. The whole effect, so different from the teen-age style approved by the youth of Hartwick, seemed to shout "country." She didn't really wear a sunbonnet, but she gave that impression.

As for Candy, that O'Connor glitter was under a cloud. The kids could sympathize. No one would want to tow a country cousin like Susie into the local juke mill. Candy's friends were willing to stand by her, though. First Trish, Candy's best friend, carried her Chocolate Dream over to eat it in the booth with them. Then some of the other kids came by to meet Susie. Candy smiled gratefully. Friends were wonderful! And really, when you got to know Susie, she was a nice girl. It was just that she was so different from the Hartwick crew.

Candy began to relax. The ice was broken, and Susie obviously was enjoying herself, giving out with her own particular brand of "corn." Everything was fine—until the door of the Sweet Shoppe opened again to admit a new arrival. Candy's back was toward the door, and her first warning was when she heard a drawling voice.

"Hel-lo, Herbie! What's the huddle in the corner?"

Candy stiffened, and looked around. Yes, it was Cornelia Clyde. And where Cornelia was, there was likely to be trouble.

"Looks like a fire!" Cornelia continued. "Or could that red possibly be hair?"

Susie broke off in the middle of a sentence. A blush ran over her skin, adding yet another shade of red to her outfit. Candy's eyes flashed, while Trish gave out with a "meow."

"Something that Candy O'Connor dragged in, no doubt!" Cornelia continued in a scornful tone.

Susie's eyes filled with tears, but she tried to blink them back. "Your . . . your friend has quite a sense of humor!" she said.

Candy had never liked Susie better. She admired her for trying to treat the thing as a joke. "I couldn't disagree with you more!" she smiled at Susie. "She isn't my friend—and she isn't funny! In fact she's corny—I mean, Cornelia!"

"Yes," said Cornelia, changing her tactics and smiling sweetly. "I'm Cornelia. And you must be Candy's cousin we've heard so much about! And how nice that you could be here for the big dance tonight! I suppose Candy has you all dated up for it?"

As Cornelia waited for an answer, her smile changed to pure sarcasm. Candy could only glare, for Corny had lit upon Candy's big problem.

"Why—I—don't know . . ." Susie stammered.

"Well, no doubt I'll see you there tonight!" Cornelia exclaimed. She turned and sauntered out, satisfied with the confusion she had created.

"Come on, Susie. We'd better go home too," Candy said. She got up, and Susie followed her out into the street.

"Look, Cousin Candy," Susie said as they

walked along. "About that dance tonight. You don't have to worry about me. I—really—you go, and I'd just as soon stay at home!"

Before Candy could reply, there was a squeal of brakes and a jalopy slid to a stop beside them. Candy greeted Ted Dawson absently, while she made a resolve to herself: Not only would she see that Susie went to that dance, but she was determined to show her a fine time! Yet how to carry out the resolution, Candy didn't know.

The girls climbed into the car. Ted had met Susie already, so introductions were not necessary.

"I stopped by the Sweet Shoppe," Ted explained. "Trish told me you'd just left."

Candy could see from his expression that Trish had told him, too, about the scene with Cornelia. Well, that would save words . . . for Candy had decided to explain the problem of the dance to Ted and enlist his help. She thought she could count on Ted.

"Look!" she said to him. "This affair of the dance is really *crucial*! Susie's been in town such a short time that she hasn't had a chance to meet any boys—but you can get her a date, can't you?"

"Yeah," Ted said in a flat, absent-minded voice. Actually Ted was busy with a lot of thinking, but to Candy and Susie it sounded like plain indifference.

"Ted!" Candy yelled angrily.

"Uh—sorry!" Ted said. "You just leave things to me, Candy. You and Susie be ready to go, and I'll show up with a date tonight."

"It wouldn't have hurt you to sound a little more enthusiastic," Candy muttered as the car stopped in front of her house. But Ted drove away without replying. Was he letting her down?

Once in the house, Candy turned into a whirlwind of activity. "I'm going to set your hair," she informed Susie. "And I have a dream of a new formal—never worn, so no one'll know it's mine. It may need fitting, so try it on now."

"Really, Candy," Susie pleaded miserably. "I—I appreciate it, but I think I'd rather wear my own dress. And I don't believe my hair

will look very well, set."

But Candy wore down all opposition. At last Susie stood before Candy and her mother for approval, her hair coaxed into a sleek style and her plump body encased in the shining satin of Candy's dress. Candy and her mother exchanged glances—hopeless glances. Susie had been right. Her hair didn't become her, and the dress only emphasized her freckles and her sunburned skin.

"I hate to sound ungrateful," Susie said in a small voice, "but I don't think it's a bit of use for me to try to be something I'm not!"

"You win!" Candy groaned. Out came the set from the red hair, leaving it to curl all over Susie's head. Off came the dress, replaced by a short, full-skirted affair of Susie's own. Candy had to admit Susie looked better—but she didn't have that sophisticated glamour that was so desirable!

Ted arrived with a tall, pleasant-faced boy for Susie. He and Candy explained to Susie that this dance was the Surprise Ball given by Ted's club every year.

"It'll be a surprise this year, all right!" Ted grinned. "As a matter of fact, we switched ideas at the last minute. I spent all afternoon arranging it."

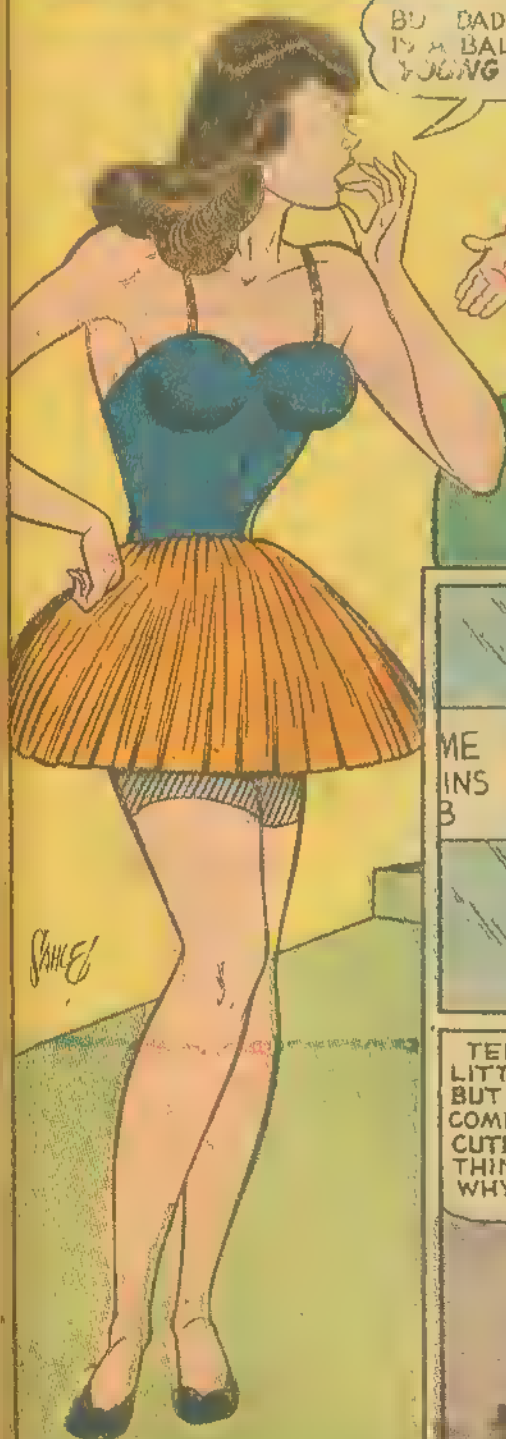
Approaching the dance, Susie became more and more nervous. The doors swung open and they heard the first strains of music. Candy's eyes popped with surprise and Susie's face lighted up. "Country style!" Susie gasped.

Inside, the Down-Homers' Band was giving out while a leader called the sets for a square dance. Most of the girls were having trouble managing their long, tight frocks in the complicated maneuvers, but Susie was right at home. Her red curls danced and her feet danced too, for she was an expert at this type of thing. She was in her element, and the boys crowded around her.

Candy, stopping to catch her breath in the middle of the evening, saw Cornelia Clyde standing against a wall sulking. Cornelia had never bothered to learn to square dances. Besides, her dress was too tight. "Ted," Candy said, "sometimes I almost begin to think you're a genius!"

Ted winked happily back at her.

CANDY



BU DADDY! THIS
IS A BALL FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE!

DON'T BE SILLY,
CANDY! A MAN'S
AS YOUNG AS HE
FEELS!
HO! HO!
HO!



OH, TRISH! ISN'T THE
MASQUERADE BALL
GOING TO BE SIMPLY
FASCINATING?

IT'S A SWELL IDEA,
CANDY! BUT I
WONDER HOW
THE BOYS WILL
TAKE IT!

ME
INS
B

GLEE
GRE
CL



TED MAY BUCK A
LITTLE AT FIRST,
BUT I'M SURE HE'LL
COME AROUND! AND
CUTHBERT DOES ANY-
THING YOU SAY, SO
WHY WORRY?

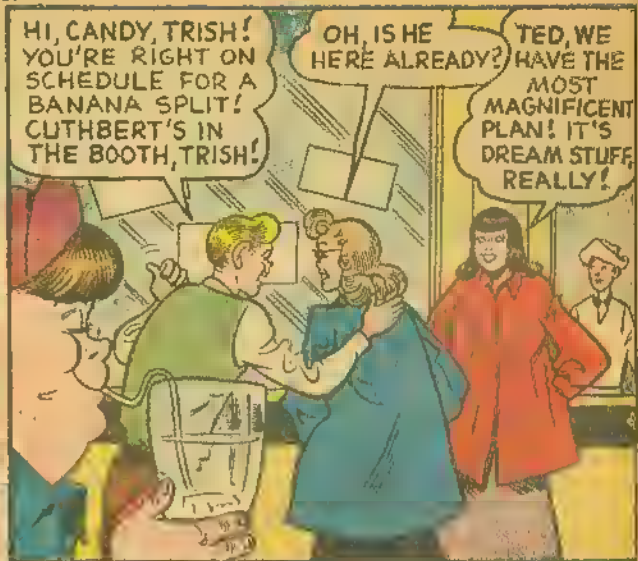
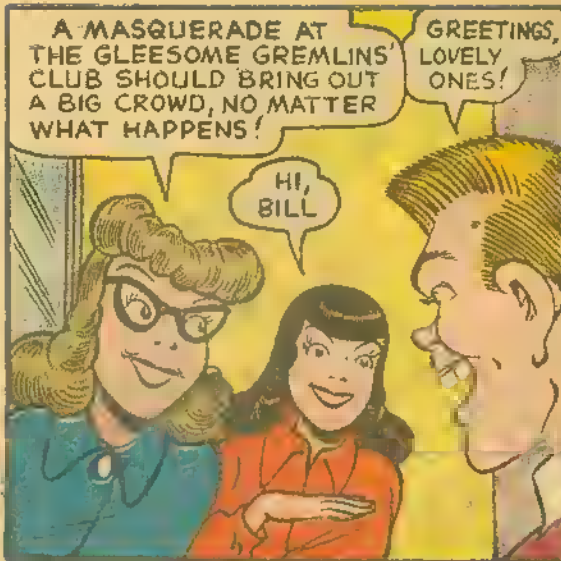
I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT!

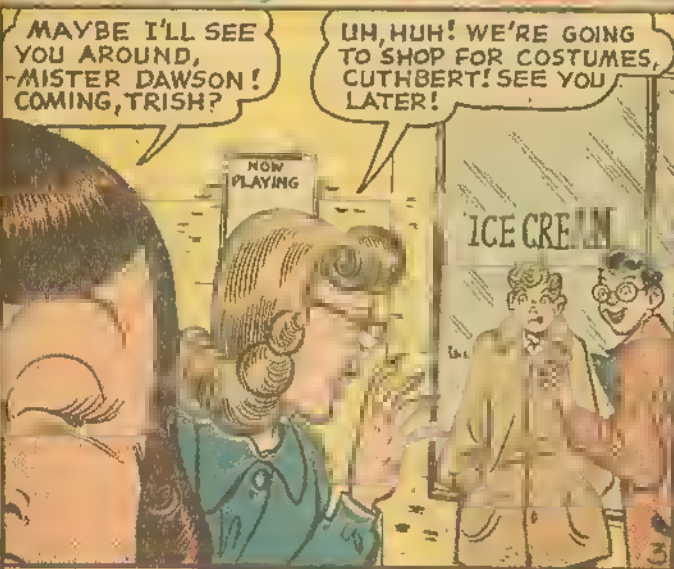
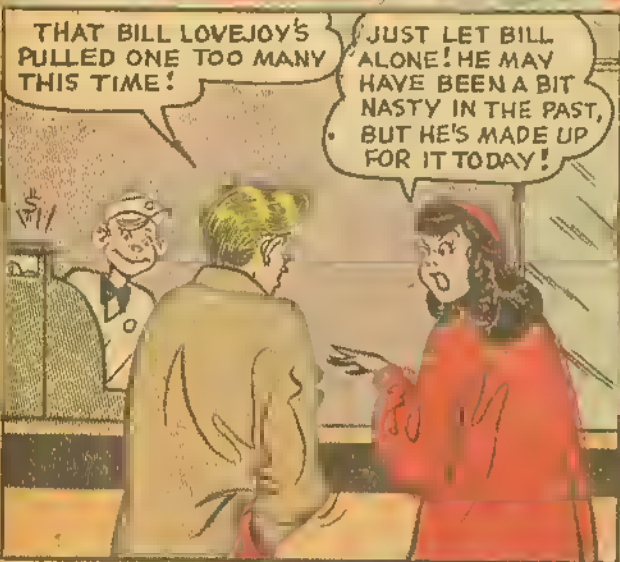
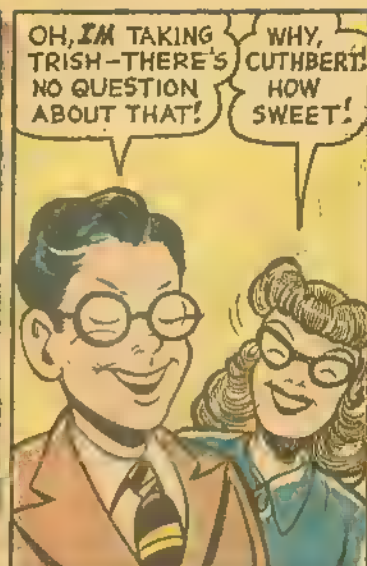
ICE CREAM

2AD02

CAND



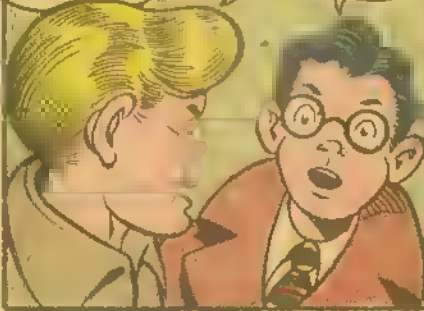




Meanwhile...

BILL LOVEJOY'S MOVED IN ON CANDY ONCE TOO OFTEN! HE NEEDS A TRIMMING DOWN! CAN I COUNT ON A SLIGHT ASSIST FROM YOU, CUTHBERT OL' PAL?

SURE THING, TED! BESIDES, HE TRIED TO DATE TRISH LAST WEEK!



Later...

I'LL CHECK MY FOLKS TO SEE IF THEY'LL BE CHAPERONES, TRISH, AND THEN WE'LL BE ALL SET FOR THE BALL!

THAT'S FINE, BUT I STILL SORT OF WISH YOU WERE GOING WITH TED! I WONDER WHO HE'LL TAKE NOW!



GLEEPS! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! WHAT IF HE TAKES SOMEBODY ELSE?



WELL, GOSH! YOU DON'T EXPECT HIM TO GO ALONE, DO YOU?

I GUESS NOT! 'BYE!



MOMS! DADDY! GUESS WHAT?

I'M AFRAID TO! IT'S ALWAYS BAD NEWS WHEN YOU SOUND *THAT* ENTHUSIASTIC!

WHAT IS IT, DEAR?



WE WANT YOU TO CHAPERONE AT THE GLEESOME GREMLINS MASQUERADE BALL! I-IT'S THIS SATURDAY NIGHT!

WE'LL BE GLAD TO, CANDACE!

SOUNDS ALL RIGHT! ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T A CATCH TO IT?



OF COURSE YOU'LL COME IN COSTUME, SO YOU WON'T BE CONSPICUOUS OR LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE CHAPERONES!

WHAT? ABSOLUTELY NOT! I WON'T DRESS UP LIKE A GOOP FOR ANYTHING LIKE THAT...



IT MAY TAKE ME A LITTLE TIME TO CONVINCE YOUR FATHER, DEAR, BUT WE'LL BE THERE!



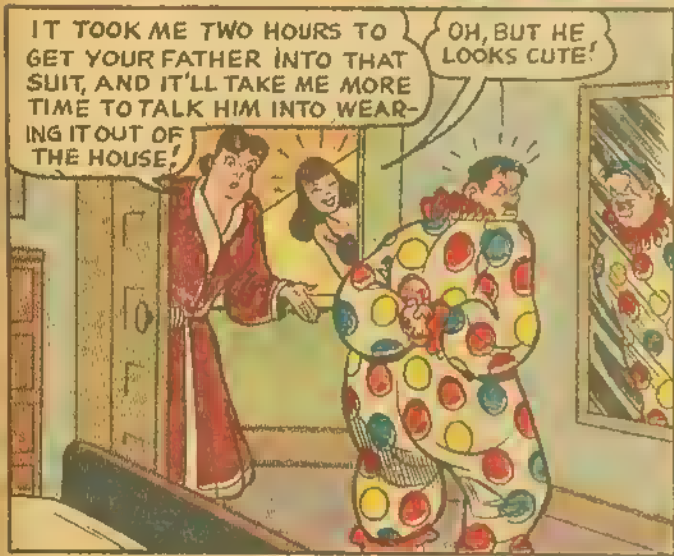
Saturday Evening...
GOSH! I ONLY WISH I WERE GOING TO THE BALL WITH TED! HE DIDN'T EVEN PHONE ME... THE... CREEP!



CANDACE, I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING TO BE A LITTLE LATE! WILL THAT BE ALL RIGHT?
LATE? WHATEVER FOR?



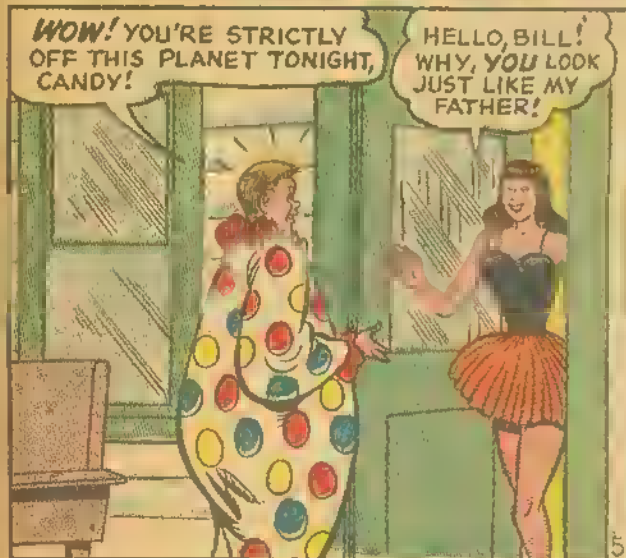
IT TOOK ME TWO HOURS TO GET YOUR FATHER INTO THAT SUIT, AND IT'LL TAKE ME MORE TIME TO TALK HIM INTO WEARING IT OUT OF THE HOUSE!
OH, BUT HE LOOKS CUTE!



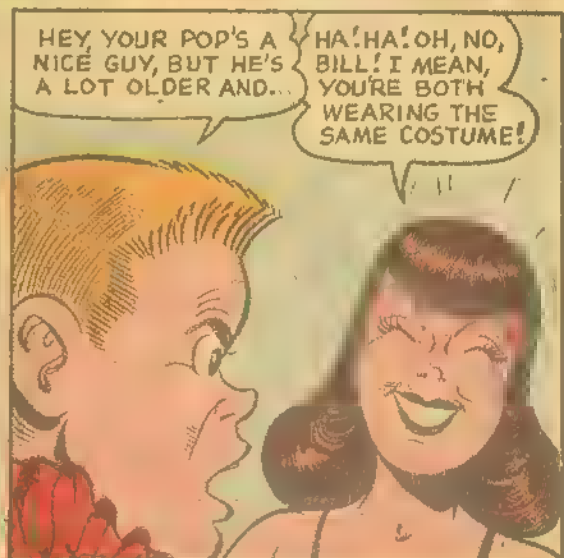
R-I-N-G-G-G!
THAT MUST BE BILL NOW!
WE'LL SEE YOU A LITTLE LATER, DEAR!
OKAY!



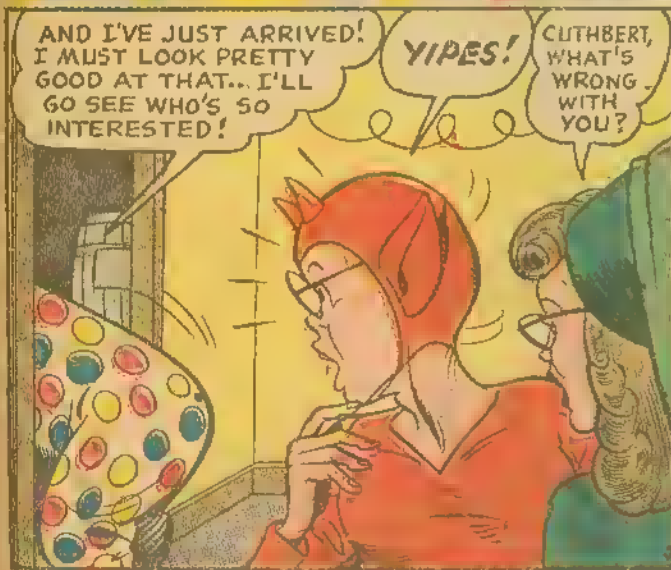
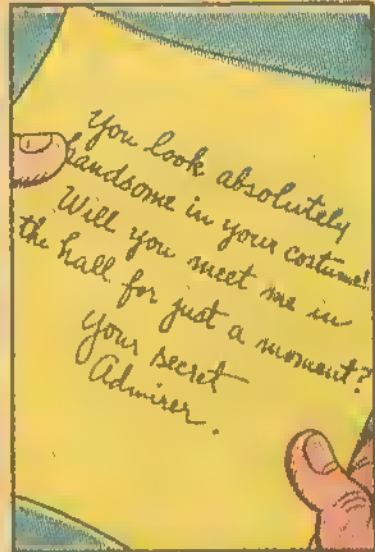
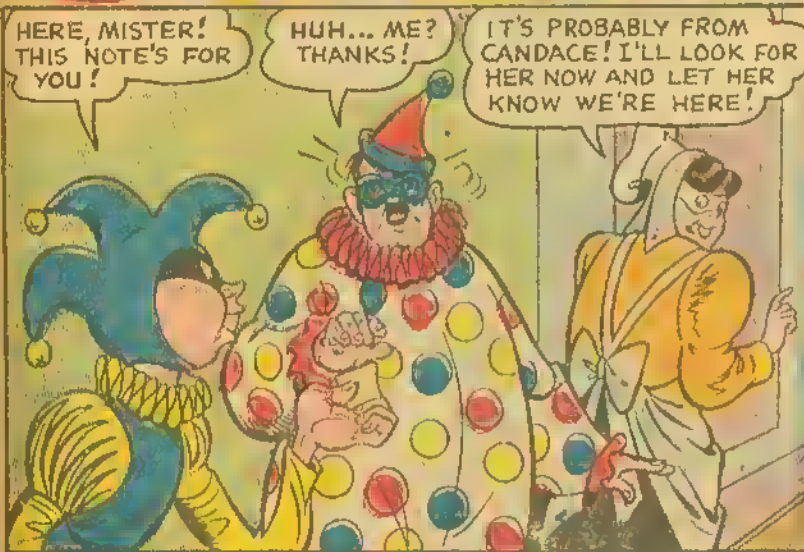
WOW! YOU'RE STRICTLY OFF THIS PLANET TONIGHT, CANDY!
HELLO, BILL! WHY, YOU LOOK JUST LIKE MY FATHER!

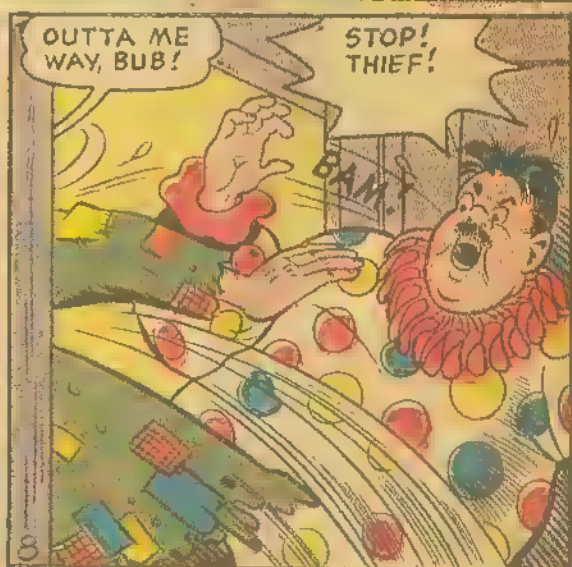
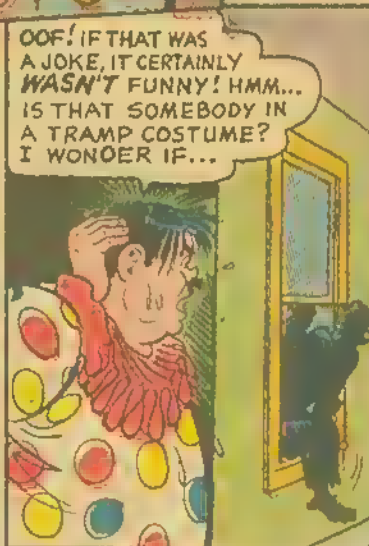
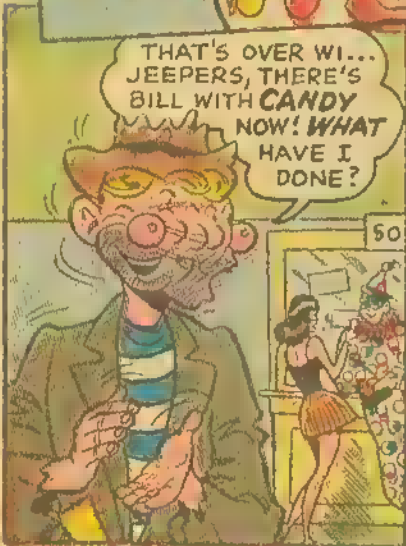
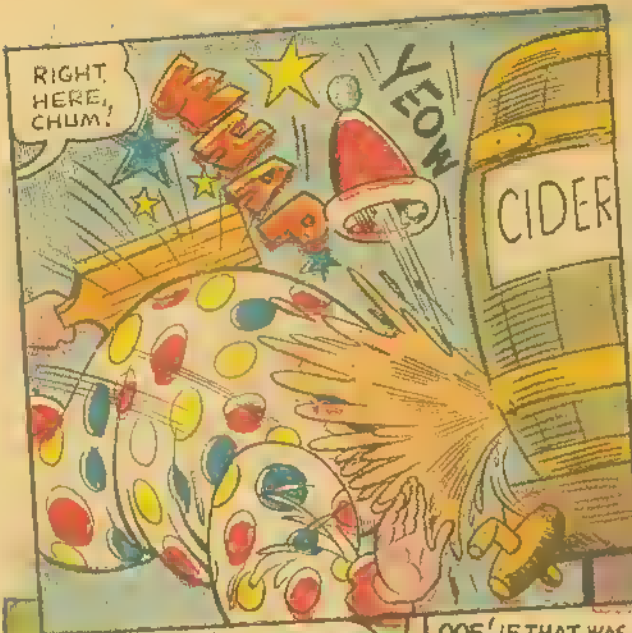


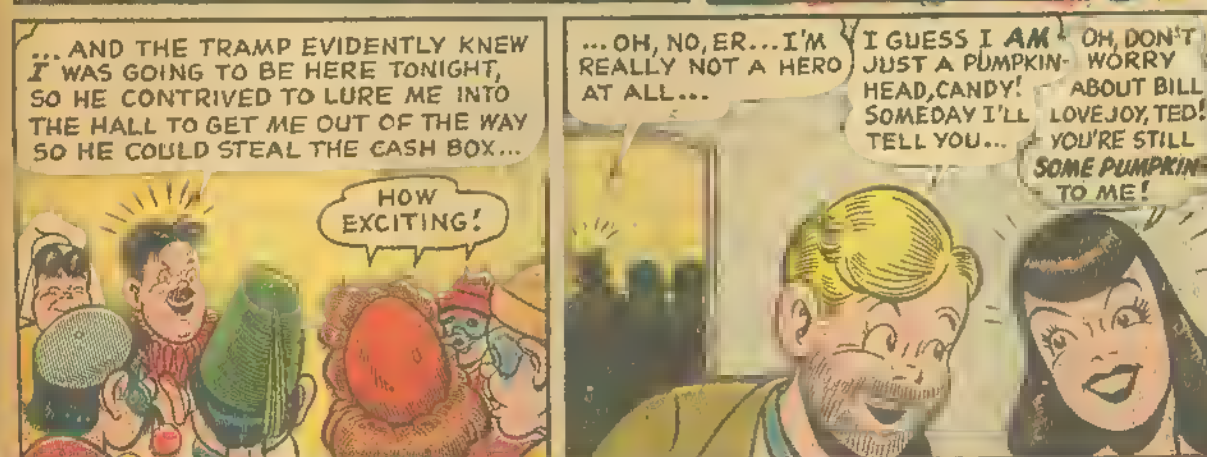
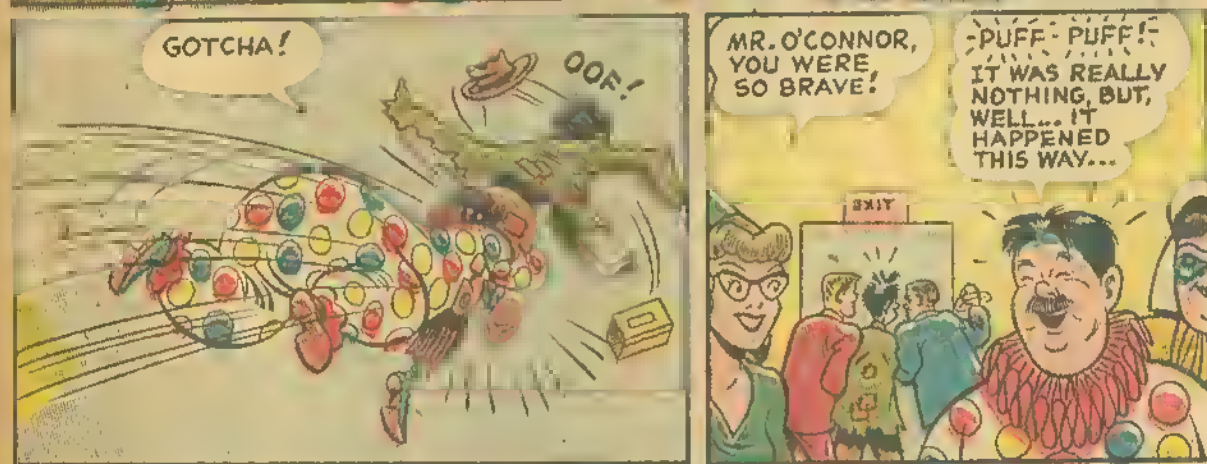
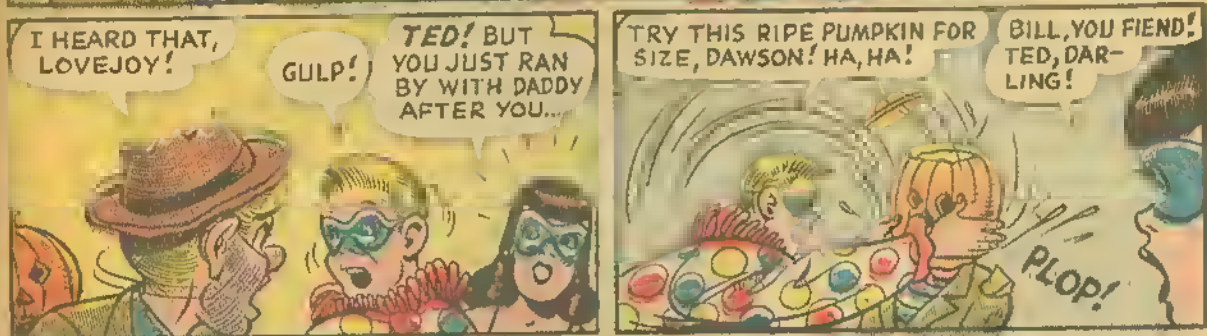
HEY, YOUR POP'S A NICE GUY, BUT HE'S A LOT OLDER AND...
HA! HA! OH, NO, BILL! I MEAN, YOU'RE BOTH WEARING THE SAME COSTUME!











BOYS!

Look at all
the
Spectacular
Buzz-With-
Action
Models you can build
with

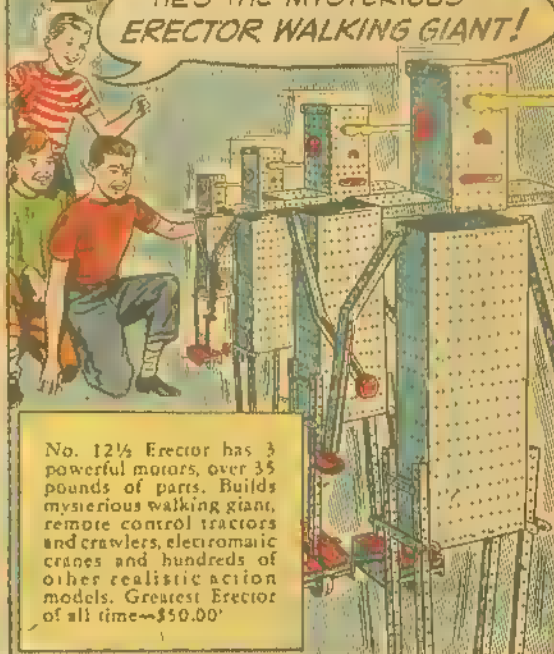
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Developed at the GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE

ERECTOR
HAS GIRDERS OF
STEEL—TO
BUILD LIKE REAL!

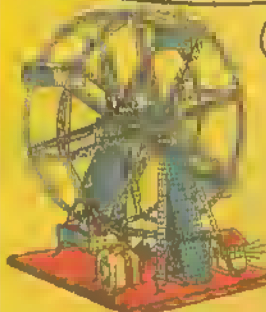


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HE HAS ELECTRIC EYES! HE
WALKS BY REMOTE CONTROL!
HE'S THE MYSTERIOUS
ERECTOR WALKING GIANT!



No. 12½ Erector has 3
powerful motors, over 35
pounds of parts. Builds
mysterious walking giant,
remote control tractors
and crawlers, electromaic
cranes and hundreds of
other realistic action
models. Greatest Erector
of all time—\$50.00!

THIS GIANT FERRIS WHEEL HAS
ELECTRIC LIGHTS... OPERATES IN
BOTH DIRECTIONS
AT HIGH OR LOW
SPEED!



Built with No. 8½ Erector—the All-
Electric Set. Most complete engineering
outfit Dad can buy for \$19.95!



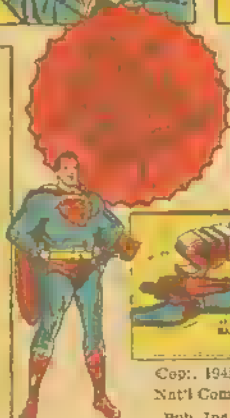
GOSH... THAT ERECTOR
REVERSING ELECTRIC
ENGINE HAS REAL
POWER! IT MAKES
MODELS BUZZ
WITH ACTION!



AIRPLANE RIDE BUILT WITH SENSATIONAL NO. 6½ ERECTOR.
Loads of fun at the sensational low price of \$10.00!

Fun with Erector starts the moment
you open the big box and start to
assemble girders, wheels, gears
and other parts. Erector parts have
equi-distant holes, so that you just
count the holes to put them to-
gether. No other construction set
builds the square girder with inter-
locking edges and contains so
many parts. Curved, straight and
giant steel girders. Metal base
plates. Real engineering bolts and
nuts. 5 kinds of gears. Electric en-
gine. Electro-magnet. Electric
lights. Engineer's shack. Boiler
shells. Giant flywheel parts. Auto-
mobile wheels. See the new Erector
toys wherever toys are sold.

*Denver and west, prices slightly higher



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YOU PRACTICE with this A. M. Signal Generator. Provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests.



YOU BUILD this Super-heterodyne Receiver Circuit, conduct FM (Frequency Modulation) experiments and other tests.



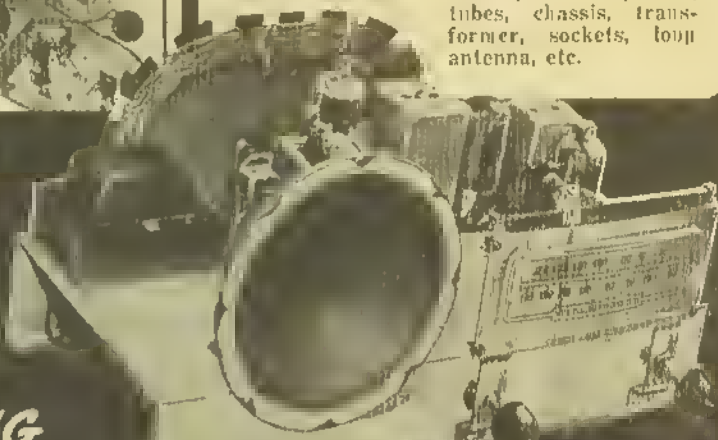
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BY PRACTICING IN SPARE TIME

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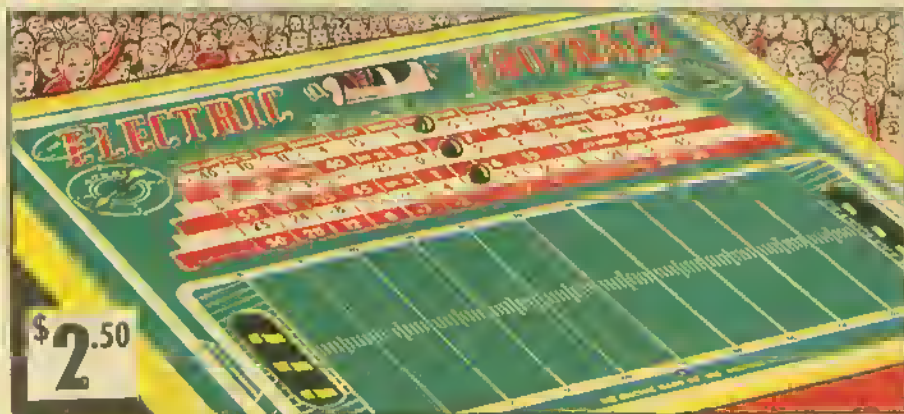
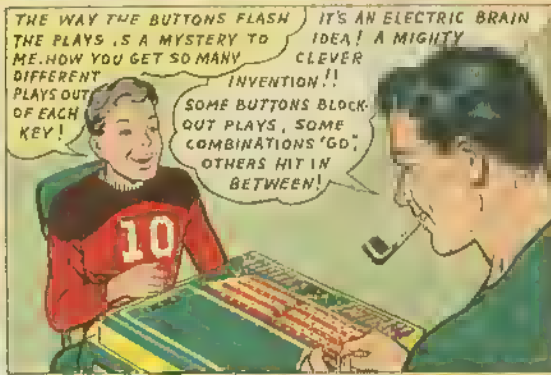
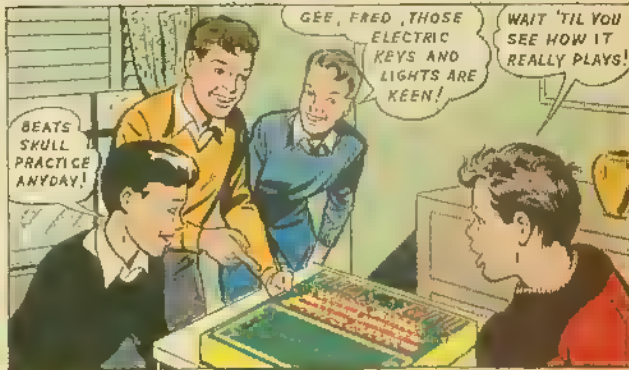
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The wonderful electric game is loaded with football, true-to-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—no outside, outplay your man. Electric keys at each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys cleverly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go waving through for a long run.

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